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AUGUST, 1957

# LIGUORIAN

**Teen-agers and Delinquency**

**How to Forgive Your Enemies**

**The Fourth Commandment for Adults**

**The Mass and the Mother of God**

**Fashions in Church Vestments**



**YOU SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH,**

**AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE.**



# THE Liguorian

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and to All That  
Brings Happiness to  
Human Beings*

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THE LIGUORIAN

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# TEEN-AGERS AND DELINQUENCY

ERNEST F. MILLER, C.S.S.R.

**V**ERY much is being written and spoken these days about teen-agers and delinquency.

Some writers and speakers say that there isn't any delinquency amongst teen-agers at all, that things are no different now from what they were a generation ago or twenty generations ago, that human nature doesn't change. The "petting" of today was the "spooning" of yesterday. The corner- or drug-store-"tough" of the twentieth century was "Peck's Bad Boy" of the nineteenth. Boys and girls will always and in every age have within them a bit of the old Harry to put a stumble in their step and to make their elders shake their heads and wonder what the world is coming to. But really there is nothing to it. Wickedness exists in the young only where it is created by those who see it.

This is the opinion of the sentimentalists, the progressivists (in ed-

This article deals with the type of delinquency that flows out of a fear of not belonging, out of the idea that all people are in hateful opposition—the type of delinquency that feeds on bitterness and destruction and that takes a wild delight in damaging property merely for the sake of tearing things to pieces.

ucation) and the commentators on society who have no eyes in their heads or in their minds to see and understand. They are the sociological optimists of the current times.

Other writers and speakers take a more serious position on the delinquency of youth. And lest they be sold short, let it be noted that they are people of authority and intelligence, and not theological pessimists and prophets of doom who see evil in the crotch of every tree and sin in the calf of every girl's leg.

## The Real Delinquent Today

J. Edgar Hoover, the Chief of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, is one such authority who maintains

that the real delinquent teen-ager of today is a much more dangerous and odious specimen of confirmed badness than the teen-ager of the recent past. He also maintains that there are many more delinquents today than there were in years gone by. In fact, he sees such viciousness in so great a number of the modern crop of delinquents that for not a few of them he decrees no mercy to be shown if they are caught in an act of vandalism against their neighbor. If delinquency has become a habit of life for them and they are unwilling to submit to advice and suggestions for improvement, they should be made to feel the full force of the law.

It is to be admitted, of course, that there is a meed of delinquency in practically every normal teen-ager. This is contrary to the sweet assertions of the optimists that *all* teen-agers at all times are innocent and untainted and anointed with a holy fragrance, and that at no time would they ever tweak a nose or pour syrup on a girl's hair. It is also contrary to the position of the extreme pessimists who cry out that whenever you come upon any form of teen-age delinquency you have come upon a nest of serpents, and the only solution is destruction.

It merely admits that not all boys and girls in their teens are saints, without at the same time condemning all boys and girls to the status of delinquency the first moment they move one degree to the left of center. Most teen-agers have their bad days—their window - breaking, teacher - baiting,

school-skipping, parent-disobeying, even candy-stealing days. No one with sense thinks of calling them delinquents in consequence. Their sudden non-conformity is merely the result of accumulated poison (they are "fallen" like the rest of men) in their expanding souls, not unlike the poison that accumulates in their bodies and demands large dosages of sulphur and molasses for its elimination. The poison must drain off, sometimes exuberantly and destructively. While it is draining off, there is an odor that is unpleasant. Every sin, even the smallest, causes an odor in the nostrils of the angels and society. Confession and repentance can neutralize this odor.

#### Special Type of Delinquency

**A**PPARENTLY, then, there are different kinds of delinquency, or at least different degrees of delinquency. This article is concerned with the kind of delinquency spoken of by Mr. Hoover — the type of delinquency that is constantly involving itself with the police, that feeds on bitterness and destructiveness and that takes an almost insane delight in beating up people old and young, and in damaging property merely for the sake of tearing something to pieces. It is a type of delinquency that refuses to conform to the moral standards of society, a delinquency that flows out of a fear of not belonging, out of a paranoic idea that all people are in hateful opposition, out of a messianic complex that one has been sent into the world to lead the "new" generation and that whatsoever one wants to do, one may do,

and whoever gets in the way is asking for trouble and is bound to get it.

Undoubtedly this brazen, blatant, rebellious group constitutes the minority of teen-agers, even of delinquent teen-agers. Tragically, however, there are enough of them, and their number seems to be growing all the time. Still, they are few in comparison to the millions of boys and girls who have never been chased by the police, who have never known the interior of a jail, who have never confused cruelty and roughness and a snarling tongue with bigness and courage and leadership and true strength. Thank God for this!

But these others — what can be done for teen-agers who are bent on wrecking their own lives and the lives of others (particularly the lives of the members of their families) as well?

For some of them it is just about too late. They refuse to listen to anyone older than themselves and to anyone less debauched and dirtied than themselves. They can be sent to the best Catholic high school in the city. Contact with the sisters and the priests, closeness to the chapel and the Blessed Sacrament, the study of religion, the example of the decent and the good amongst their companions — these things for some mysterious reason make no impression on them. When an old lady is badly beaten up or a small and helpless girl is raped and almost killed, very often it can be expected that one or the

other of the "heroes" who perpetrated the crime was a pupil at such a school.

It would seem as if their minds were warped, or "touched," as they say, by a streak of something akin to mental sickness. It is not normal and rational for a person, especially for a young person, to be cruel and merciless toward all the people whom he meets, and cynical in regard to all that's right and good in life.

Yet, these teen-agers who have allowed delinquency to consume them quite definitely are cruel and hard and cynical. The only skill that they hope to master is an ability to escape detection and detention by the police, and the only virtue that they want to own is the power of hurting the defenceless without being hurt or getting hurt themselves.

### Strange Symptoms

**I**T IS possible that some of the more advanced cases of teen-age delinquency are cases of diabolical possession — not cases of diabolical possession in the strict sense of the term in which the victim speaks foreign and unknown languages, climbs sheer walls like an insect and reads the secret thoughts of those about him; but cases of diabolical possession in the wider sense of the term in which some evil force has taken over the faculties of the victim and is driving him faster and faster along the road of complete collapse.

This is only a surmise that grows out of an observation of the allergy that some young delinquents have even to a suggestion of good, and

of the strange and inexplicable hardness that rules their lives. If their minds have not snapped and if the trouble is not merely the result of temptation and a weakness of the will, then there is something mysterious and corrupting upon and within them for which natural causes are not a sufficient explanation.

But let the fact be emphasized that these suggestions of mental disease and satanic possession as explanations for some of the more deep-seated forms of delinquency are only suppositions with no scientific basis beyond superficial observation. Without a doubt nearly every ordinary case of delinquency is nothing more than the case of a boy or a girl who has allowed himself or herself too much freedom in taking over the job of king or queen, by which is meant, the making of a proclamation of self-determination in *everything* — parents, priests and popes notwithstanding.

#### Fear of Reform

**T**HE day arrives when it is found impossible to abdicate the high position of independence that with the help and in the company of other youngsters like themselves they so foolishly assumed. Circumstances have woven a web that has strands of steel from which they cannot escape. Evil associates, secret incriminating deeds known by others and held overhead as blackmail, human respect, deeply established bad habits — all these make it hard for one leading the life of a delinquent to abandon the far country where he

has gone to seek his independence and his fun, and to return to his father's house where once more he must be subject to authority. That is the explanation for his continuing in his delinquency when he would by far prefer to be done with it once and for all if only he could succeed in doing so.

#### Bad Parents

**A**NOTHER explanation of the form of delinquency of which we speak is a total lack of parental supervision over the child, not only from the time the child came to the use of reason but almost from the time the child was born. Perhaps the parents did not want the child in the first place. Perhaps they were too selfish to love and take care of the child when finally it did come. Perhaps they did not know how to take care of a child. Marriage was not their vocation and they should have never entered it, or at least have entered it with more preparation and much more complete knowledge of what marriage really means.

•

But one thing is certain — their contrived and sinful ineptitude in bringing up their child, their refusal to instill in their child's mind and will at least some firmness of character, some knowledge of right and wrong is a deep and blood-red crime that someday will have its own specific punishment over and above the eventual remorse that will come to them because of the tragic wreckage that their son or daughter has made of life.

### Good Parents

**T**HERE are occasions (not very often, but sometimes) when a delinquent emerges from good parents. Be it so, the prayers of good parents invariably reclaim the lost sheep and bring him back to the fold. It may take many years, as was the case of St. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine. Augustine was as wicked in his youth as any delinquent teenager today. But his mother was a saint. She prayed unceasingly for her wayward son. Only after twenty years of persevering prayer did she move God to change her son and draw him from his life of crime. Not only did Monica's prayers change her delinquent son but they even helped to make a saint of him. Augustine is known today as St. Augustine.

Thus it is with most good families that have the sadness and misfortune of a wandering son or daughter. The fervent and persevering prayers of mother and father will eventually work the miracle of conversion.

Some forms of delinquency disappear with age. The delinquency has shallow roots. The boy is bad only for a time. The badness vanishes when he grows up. At the present he is immature, still spellbound by the big brave heroes of the movies and the magazines and the newspapers. He would like to wield a gun after the fashion of Wyatt Earp. He would like to be as tough as the toughest gangsters of the paper-covered booklets that can be bought so cheaply in neighborhood drugstores. There is a good chance that he will

outgrow this childishness when a few more years have been added to his stature. His toughness is like that of a child carrying a toy gun.

### When to Help

**B**UT it is not always wise for him to wait those few years until maturity teaches him how to keep his feet from leading him into trouble. Before those few years pass there is the danger that he may kill someone, or be part of a robbery that will send him off to jail for so long a time that he won't be worth the salvaging when he goes free. He must be helped at once, or the chances are that he won't be helped at all.

First, he must be taught to help himself.

It is entirely possible that these lines will not be read by the teenagers who measure up to the definition of real delinquents — the kind of delinquents that Mr. Hoover said should be made to feel the full burden of the law. They are not prone to read books or articles in magazines or pamphlets. Their main occupation in life is to stand around, not doing much of anything, except to maintain an appearance of hardness. One doesn't have much time to read when one is so constantly engaged.

Still, there may be *one* delinquent who is led by the charity of a neighbor teen-ager, perhaps a classmate, to read these words. Perhaps the neighbor teen-ager puts the article close enough to him so that he almost has to read it. Perhaps the Holy

Ghost moves his hands to pick it up, his eyes to read it, his mind to grasp its meaning. He beholds in the lines, an appeal to him to come back, to return to where he belongs, to give up loving and feeding on the husks that usually are the food of swine. What is the appeal he reads? Only this.

He must convince himself that greatness consists not in a mere show of toughness, not in obscene, filthy talk, not in cruelty and harshness, not in bending and scraping before a gang of young thugs, all of whom sooner or later will end either on a slab in the mortuary of a city hospital or behind bars in a state prison, but rather in complete control over every part of the mind and the body and the soul.

It consists in control over the tongue so that rottenness does not flow off it, over the appetites so that sex is kept in its proper place and liquor is not given the chance to befog the reason, over the hands so that they are never raised to hurt but always raised to help those who are weak and need the helping hand of one who is strong enough and kind enough to lend it, over the eyes that they refuse to look on evil, over the feet that they refuse to seek it out, over the heart that it keep itself free from the chains of hatred and revenge. It takes much more of a man to keep control of one's whole person than it does to let control run wild. Any tramp can surrender his control to feeling and passion. Only a real man can keep it in its proper place.

Besides convincing himself of all this, he must try to pray. He won't feel that he is very successful at first. There will be no sensible comfort in his prayers, no feeling that he is accomplishing something worthwhile. On the contrary, his prayers will be filled with dryness and distractions and temptations to give up. If he continues his prayers in spite of the dryness and the temptations, they will give him the strength he needs to do what he has to do.

### Help From Others

**H**OWEVER, he cannot fight the battle alone. He must seek help. The help he needs can be found in an understanding priest. It will take *humility* to call on a priest and ask him for assistance. Humility is demanded for all truly great conversions. The alcoholic will never overcome the curse of drunkenness until he acknowledges the fact that he is a chronic drunkard and that he cannot be cured unless he seeks the advice and help of others who are in a position to give him advice and to help him. So it is with the delinquent. He has established the habits of arrogance and self-sufficiency. These are in part responsible for his troubles. The only road away from the troubles is the opposite of arrogance and self-sufficiency, namely, humility. He exercises humility when he calls on the priest of his choice and asks for help.

However, none of these suggestions will produce the desired results unless the teen-ager who is trying to break away from evil ways is will-

ing also to break away once and for all from the gang in which his falls and failures were spawned and given life. He must give up the companions of the black past, both the boys and the girls, who have no time for virtue and no patience with those who attempt to practice it. At first this may be difficult. But it is the price that God demands for the treasure of His grace and forgiveness.

**G**OD promises His help to those who need it, but only on the condition that they help themselves, that they do what common sense tells them they have the power to do in order to prevent a crime from recurring. God will help a man retain his health if the man remains away from where the germs of disease are rampant. If he persists in frequenting the germ-infested area, he can hardly expect a miracle from God to preserve his health. So with bad companions. If the troubled teenager stays clear of his former bad

companions, God will do the rest. A final break, then, from all that went before is absolutely necessary.

Let not the teen-ager who must do all this despair.

One thing he can be sure of—he will receive an abundance of charity and understanding from his friends who watch him as he struggles from the meshes that entangle and unfold him. His friends are with him all the way. They want to do everything in the world for him to make his emergence into a new kind of life easier, and that which follows happier than any phase of his life theretofore. Their prayers are his, their thoughts, their best wishes.

As for those who would laugh at him and try to hold him back, or cry out that he is out of his mind to go back on the past, or distrust his efforts and his hopes, they are hardly deserving of attention or a second glance. God is on his side — God and God's angels and God's good mother. With these to hold him up, he cannot, he will not fall back.

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### *Deft Definitions*

Ultimatum — the last step before making concessions.

Courage — fear holding on just a bit longer.

Horse-sense — just stable thinking.

Egoist — one whose i's are too close together.

Statistician — one who comes to the rescue of figures that cannot lie for themselves.

Psychiatrist — one who does not have to worry so long as others do.

*The Way of St. Francis*

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Even a tombstone will say something good about a fellow when he is down.

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Classified ad in the *Dallas Morning News*: "The summer hotel may be crowded, but there's always room for one bore."

Mathias Huber, C.S.S.R.

# Little Lessons in Catholic Living

## The Test of Temptation

THE apostle, St. Paul, in his first letter to the Corinthians gives a short but revealing instruction on the subject of temptation. "God is faithful and will not permit you to be tempted beyond your strength, but with the temptation will also give you a way out that you may be able to bear it." (Cor. 10/13)

Inspired by the Holy Spirit, St. Paul assures us in these words that there is no temptation so great or so violent that it cannot be overcome; but at the same time he lets us know that the struggle against temptation must be carried on with the help of God.

Temptation is a trial or a test offered to us by God so that we may show whether we prefer good or evil. It is an opportunity to demonstrate whether we desire to be faithful to God or to be traitors to His cause.

There is no person who does not know what it means to be tempted; there is no person who does not know what it means to be victorious over temptation and what it means to go down in defeat. But one thing must

be remembered: the struggle against temptation is a matter of cooperation with the grace of God. We, with our weak human resistance, cannot overcome temptation continually if we fight alone; on the other hand, we cannot stand idly by and expect God to overcome all our temptations for us. We must do our part and God will do His part. It is only when we cooperate with the help of God that temptation is successfully overcome.

God helps us in this struggle with temptation with His grace, which we obtain by means of prayer and the employment of the means of grace which God has given us.

When you are tempted to sin, have you the habit of calling at once upon the help of God by some short prayer? Or do you trust in your own strength and forget about God and His help entirely? To argue with the temptation, to reason about it, to ask yourself, "Can I afford to commit this sin now?" is like opening the door and asking sin to enter and make itself at home. What hope of victory has the person who thinks he can fight alone against the world, the flesh and the devil? But what security

and power and assistance come to the soul that hurries to God with a prayer for help!

Think of your own experience. If you are sincere with yourself, you must admit that when you were successful in overcoming some strong, persistent temptation, it was because you prayed. Perhaps you said your morning prayers well that morning; or perhaps, in the moment of temptation, you said a prayer, or confidently called upon the name of Jesus. Why don't you pray for this grace every morning? Why do you not whisper a short prayer in the first moment of every temptation. What a little effort for so great a benefit! A moment of prayer in exchange for retaining the friendship of God!

**B**UT it is not enough to pray. Our prayer must be accompanied by effort on our part to overcome the temptation. The effort, the exertion which God expects of us is constant watchfulness against the dangers of sin. You know your own weaknesses, and you know how often they have led you into trouble and into danger. To expose yourself recklessly to danger is not only the greatest foolishness, but is just about the same as turning your back to the outstretched helping hand of God.

You know from experience that the company of certain persons, that some form of amusement, that certain kinds of reading and certain times and places have led you into danger, into temptation, into sin. If you refuse to break away from these things and go right back to them after

your repentance, can you say that you are working hand in hand with God? It is like beating your head against a wall and hoping that it will not give you a headache.

You can overcome your temptations. Dig down deeply into your heart and write that sentence there. You can overcome your temptations. Do not be of the number of those who are everlastingly complaining that the temptation was too much for them. You may falter, you may grow forgetful and careless, and you may commit sin. Then be truthful enough to admit your mistake and say: "It was my own fault. I could have overcome that temptation if I had struggled long enough, if I had prayed; for God did not want me to commit that sin and He was waiting to help me, but I would not go to Him and really ask for help."

Then go out and begin all over again with the firm resolution that the next time you will fight hand in hand with God.

**T**HAT is the way to live your life as a Catholic in all tests of temptation. That is the way to prove that you are an active member of the Church militant. It is not an easy struggle and it does not end soon. It is a long, hard fight against all the temptations to sin, but victory is always possible, if we are willing to fight and if we are willing to go to God to ask Him to help us. But remember that you will never really be willing to carry on this fight until you convince yourself that with the help of God it can be done.

# Problems of Professional People

## A Scientist's Problem

**Q**UESTION: I expect to be graduated soon as a technician in physics from a college with a high reputation for science, and I have been offered a good position in a plant devoted to the manufacture of nuclear weapons. In view of the pope's disapproval of atomic warfare, and also of the great probability that another war would mean the indiscriminate use of A-Bombs and H-Bombs — and perhaps even the destruction of the majority of mankind — may I accept this job?

**A**NSWER: Our questioner is to be commended for his sincere desire to avoid any sin by cooperating toward the illicit use of nuclear energy. However, I believe that despite the objections that might be raised to his accepting the position, he may take the job. For, in the first place, undoubtedly the research that is being promoted in the production of nuclear weapons can be helpful toward the peaceful use of atomic power which, it is to be hoped, will prevail among men at some future time, contributing to the progress and comfort of human life. To cooperate toward the peaceful use of atomic energy is a good deed.

Moreover, the use of nuclear weapons in warfare is not entirely immoral. For, if a nation is fighting a just war of defence against unjust aggression — and we trust that our country will never go to war except in just and necessary defence of its

own rights or those of some smaller nation — these terrible instruments of combat could be lawfully used — for example, to destroy the enemy's fleet at sea, when only combatants would be killed or injured. It is important to note that when Pope Pius XII, in his Easter message of 1954, declared that he was striving to bring about the effective proscription and the banishment of atomic, biological and chemical warfare, he added the clause "always recognizing the principle of legitimate self-defence."

Finally, it is good for our nation to have a supply of nuclear weapons on hand, and to keep up in the latest developments in their manufacture, so that those nations that would attack us if they felt that victory would be easy may realize that we are fully prepared to defend ourselves. From that standpoint, a good supply of nuclear weapons may be the best means of preserving peace.

**S**O, I say to the questioner that he may take the position offered him without hesitation and put his scientific knowledge and skill wholeheartedly into his work. However, in conversation with his associates he should take the opportunity to enunciate the teaching of the Church that these weapons may never be used indiscriminately. They may be directed, in the pursuance of a just war, only at military targets, and may never be used for a direct attack on non-combatants.

Very Rev. Francis J. Connell, C.S.S.R.,  
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Catholic University of America

# HOW TO FORGIVE YOUR ENEMIES

You are an exception if you are never tempted to hate somebody. You are a true Christian only if you understand and put into practice the rules concerning forgiveness that are set down here.

**V**ERY few people have the good fortune of going through life without coming into contact with individuals whom they are tempted to treat as enemies, that is, tempted to hate in some way. Sometimes these latter are enemies in a very mild sense of the word; sometimes they are looked upon as enemies for imaginary reasons; sometimes they are enemies in a real sense of the word. The important point is that nobody can save his soul unless in a real way he extend forgiveness to his enemies.

This subject is complicated and frequently misunderstood. Some persons are scrupulous about it, and think they are guilty of hatred when they are not, or that they are com-

mitting the mortal sin of hatred, when actually it is the venial sin of uncharitableness of which they are guilty. Others make light of their real and serious sins of hatred; they even defend them or boast about them, and thus are blinded to the great spiritual peril in which they live. Because of the complications and the misunderstandings, five things will be explained here: 1. What is an enemy. 2. What constitutes the serious sin of hatred of an enemy. 3. Why enemies must be forgiven. 4. How forgiveness of enemies must be made manifest to God and man. 5. A few special problems.

## I. WHAT IS AN ENEMY?

**T**HERE can be no understanding of what constitutes the mortal sin of enmity without an accurate idea of what makes a person our enemy.

A man or woman is not our enemy by the mere fact that we are inclined

to dislike that person, for no other reason than that their temperament or mode of conduct or habits happens to irritate us. Antipathy must be sharply distinguished from enmity. Antipathy, which almost everybody feels toward certain persons in the circle of their acquaintances, is a dislike that is almost solely a matter of feeling. We do not hate the person we dislike; but we cannot warm up to him; his appearance or mode of speech or little faults annoy us. Often we don't even understand why we are annoyed, because the person may be very popular among others.

While such antipathies must be distinguished from real hatred, they are nevertheless responsible for many venial sins against charity. People are inclined to gossip much more about those whom they dislike than about those to whom they are naturally attracted; they are much more inclined to be guilty of small slights and unkindnesses toward them than toward others. The law of Christian charity demands that antipathies be concealed, both from the one who is disliked and from one's friends as well.

An enemy, however, is a person who has actually wronged us, or who we think has wronged us, in some way. Actual wrongs suffered from others can take many forms. We can be cheated out of a substantial sum of money, or a piece of property, or an inheritance, by another. Our good name can be tarnished by the sinful detraction or slander of another. We can be unjustly punished by a superior, or kept from an advance-

ment in position or honor by the evil conniving of someone who "has it in for us." If someone injures us in any one of these or other ways, that person thereby makes himself our "enemy."

Often, especially with sensitive persons, the injury suffered from another is only an imaginary one. If we are sensitive and also selfish, it is easy to think that somebody cheated us out of an inheritance, when they actually did nothing unjust or un-Christian at all. It is easy to raise mere suspicions into mental accusations, and to feel that we have been injured by another. The stronger our conviction, even though it be erroneous, that somebody has wronged us, the more we are inclined to consider that person an enemy.

## II. WHAT IS THE MORTAL SIN OF ENMITY?

**I**N ANSWERING this question it is exceedingly important that a clear distinction be made between *feelings* of bitterness toward an enemy and *willing* to hate the person who committed the wrong. One's feelings are not entirely under one's control; interior bitterness may be felt for years after a serious injury has been suffered from another. Such a feeling is not the sin of hatred if it is not permitted to influence the will to consent to the *signs* or expressions of hatred listed here, and if the spirit of forgiveness is practiced as described below.

The mortal sin of hatred of an enemy is a deliberate, calculated desire

for revenge; deliberate and unresisted bad will toward that person. This deliberate bad will is usually marked by four signs:

1. *Deliberately wishing the person nothing good, but everything evil.* One who hates an enemy wants to see that person suffer, both in this world and in the next.

2. *Deliberately rejoicing in any misfortune that does befall the person.* One who hates another dwells gleefully on the fact that the latter has a heart attack or is found to have cancer, or is disgraced before others, or has severe family troubles.

3. *Deliberately trying to make the person suffer.* One who hates uses any opportunity that comes to hand to hurt his enemy. If he can rob him of his job, he does so. He can and does slander the person, accusing him of unproven crimes, expressing suspicions of his motives, trying to make others despise and avoid him.

4. *Refusing to speak to that person, when they meet alone or in the company of others.* One who hates wants the one who is hated to know it, and others to know it too. Though the two meet every day, the hating one refuses to say even "Good morning." If the one hated is a relative, the one hating breaks off all social contact with him. If the two chance to meet at a social gathering, it is made clear to all present that the one guilty of hatred will not speak to his enemy.

### III. WHY MUST ENEMIES BE FORGIVEN?

**T**HIS is the same as asking, "Why must the sin of hatred or enmity

never be committed by Christians?" The answer is to be found in what is perhaps the clearest moral teaching of Jesus Christ: No one has a right to call himself a Christian, nor to have any hope of saving his soul, unless he forgive his enemies.

Jesus Christ set this down as a principle in His first public sermon. *I say to you, that whosoever is angry with his brother, shall be in danger of the judgment. . . . You have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thy enemy. But I say to you, love your enemies, do good to them that hate you; and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you.* (Matthew, Chap. 5)

He put this same teaching into many of His parables. *So also shall my heavenly Father do to you* (that is, deliver you to torture) *if you forgive not everyone his brother from your hearts.* (Matthew, 18-35) He made it a part of the prayer He taught His disciples to say; indeed, He insisted that everyone who asks forgiveness of God should boldly state that he asks it only in the measure in which he forgives his own enemies. *Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.* (Luke, 11-4) When he was asked if a man had to forgive his enemy up to seven times a day, He answered, "Up to seventy times seven times a day."

Above all, He set the example. It was probably just as He was being nailed to the cross, just as the spikes were being pounded through His

hands and feet, that He said, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." (Luke, 23-24)

Therefore there is no injury that one man can do to another that is outside the range of the obligation of forgiveness. No one can ever say: "My hurt is too great. I have been wronged too deeply. I have a right to hate the enemy who has done this to me." By so saying a man denies the crucified Christ and abandons himself to mortal sin.

#### IV. HOW IS FORGIVENESS OF ENEMIES MADE MANIFEST?

**T**HE forgiveness of enemies that is so necessary for salvation is made manifest to God by interior acts: it is made manifest to an enemy and to others only by exterior acts.

No one can be hurt or injured by another without experiencing temptations to hatred and interior inclinations toward seeking revenge and desiring misfortune to befall that person. Such feelings are not of themselves the sin of hatred; as pointed out above, they become sins only when they are deliberately indulged and consented to by the free will. There is one sure sign that can be given to God that they are not being consented to, and that is the sign of prayer for an enemy. No matter how bitter and resentful one feels toward an enemy, no matter how long this bitterness lasts, it never becomes the sin of hatred if in the midst of it the injured person says a prayer for the one who has injured him. *Father, forgive him, or Lord have mercy upon him*, are prayers that always keep the temptation to hatred from becoming

a sin. Certainly, on the other hand, one is guilty of hatred if he refuses to pray for an enemy or to include him in prayers for sinners.

This interior sign of forgiveness must be accompanied by external signs. Surely included in these are the negative signs of not indulging in slander, detraction, backbiting, to hurt an enemy; of not trying to injure or harm him in any other way. But there must also be some positive sign of forgiveness. Ordinarily this does not require a direct and showy statement: *I forgive you*. It is sufficiently manifested by a willingness to speak to the person as one would speak to an ordinary acquaintance when met on the street or in a social gathering. Thus a refusal to speak to a certain person in normal social circumstances, over a period of time, is a sign that one is giving in to the sin of hatred.

It sometimes happens that an effort to manifest a spirit of forgiveness for an enemy by speaking to him, will be met only with rebuffs and insults and the re-opening of old quarrels. When this is the case, it is not necessary for a Christian to continue to thrust himself upon an enemy, or to invite trouble if trouble is made even in answer to a simple "Good morning." In such a situation it is enough to pray for the person, and only at great intervals to make another attempt to speak to him in a normal human way. It should be added that, in trying to show forgiveness to an enemy, one is not required to make of that person a confidant or

a close friend. It is only required that he be treated as a human being.

### SPECIAL PROBLEMS

1. *Is it wrong to hate certain politicians, public office holders, labor leaders, whom one thinks to be great menaces to the nation?*

CERTAIN distinctions must be made here. First of all, if one is in direct contact with such individuals, through politics or campaigning for office, and shows the signs of real hatred as described above, one is guilty of the sin of enmity. It is not only a mortal sin, but a grave scandal to the whole country, for public figures thrown into contact with each other, to refuse to speak to or recognize each other.

Secondly, if one has no direct contact with certain public figures, but builds up so great a hatred of them that he cannot utter their name without wishing them great evil, this could be both the mortal sin of enmity and of scandal. Some people hated President Franklin Roosevelt so much that they could not speak of him without saying that they would like to assassinate him. So too some hated Senator Joseph McCarthy with a wild, vicious, evil-wishing hatred. Some hate Walter Reuther and George Meany, as labor leaders, so much that they tell the weirdest lies about them, for example, that they are Communists, servants of Soviet Russia, etc. Such deliberate wishes or efforts to harm are seriously un-Christian.

Thirdly, there is no sin in disagreeing vigorously with the policies or

practices of public figures, so long as no personal ill-will is manifested, and no suspicions or doubtful evidences are propagated as certain accusations.

2. *Must a wife forgive a husband who ran off with another woman and left her to support several children? If so, how must she show forgiveness?*

There are no exceptions to the law that commands us to forgive all our enemies. Therefore a wife must forgive the husband who abandoned her. She must show this forgiveness by praying for his soul. She is not bound to seek him out; she may avoid gatherings in which he will be present, as a sign of disapproval for his continuing sin. She must, however, teach her children not to hate their father but to pray for him.

3. *May parents ostracize and disinherit and have nothing to do with a child who has acted against their wishes, or entered an invalid marriage?*

Here again, a distinction. Parents do grave wrong who refuse to see or speak to one of their children who have done something contrary to their wishes but not gravely wrong in itself. Thus parents who would cast off and ostracize a daughter of sufficient age to marry because she validly married a man whom they did not like would be guilty of a great evil.

In the case of a son or daughter who entered an invalid marriage, and thus abandoned God and the Church, the parents might stay away from that

child, but *only* on the ground of charity, that is, only because they reasonably believe that such treatment will bring the child back to God. In most cases, however, it is better to practice charity by keeping up at least a limited contact, in the hope that their influence can be more effectively exercised in that way.

4. Hatred must not be confused with staying away from certain people because they are an occasion of sin, or because their conversation is almost always turning toward immoral topics. One may avoid such people, but should pray for them, asking God both to forgive and convert them.

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#### CHRISTIAN CERTITUDE

"When I looked at the New Testament, I did not find there any record of Christ talking as a friend talked; I did not find him saying: 'These are a few observations that have occurred to me. I should be very grateful if you would go away and think them over and see if you can find anything in them.' I did find Him teaching with authority, hurling dogmas at the heads of His audience, commanding His audience to accept His teaching and holding out to them the appalling threat of eternal damnation if they refused to accept.

"When I was at school, among my school-fellows were a Presbyterian and a Methodist. One term the Presbyterian came back and said that during the holidays his parents had read the New Testament, and as a result, they had become Catholics. The Methodist thought that this was a very funny story. I did not see at the time why it was so particularly funny and when, some years later, I came to read the New Testament myself, I found it was even less funny than I had imagined."

Christopher Hollis in *Technique for Convert Makers*

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#### FLYING SAINTS

Visitors at Shannon and Dublin airports are often quite startled to hear in a rich Irish brogue flight announcements such as, "St. Patrick arriving from London," or "St. Brigid now leaving for Paris."

This is the result of a custom Aer Lingus (Irish Air Lines) has of naming each of their planes in honor of an Irish saint. Before a plane begins its maiden flight, it is "christened" with a saint's name it will bear and it is formally blessed. This may, in part, account for the remarkable safety record which Aer Lingus has built up since its beginning. The prayer for the blessing of the planes, a copy of which is given to each passenger is a very beautiful and appropriate one:

"O God, Who didst make all creatures for Thy own glory and hast destined all things of this world for the service of mankind, bless, we pray Thee, this machine built for air travel, that it may serve, without loss or danger, for spreading ever more widely the praise and glory of Thy name, and for the quicker dispatch of this world's affairs, and may foster in the hearts of those who travel in it a yearning for the things above. Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

Finbar Shanley, O. Carm.

# ? ? ? ? ? ? Readers Ask...

## Gambling at Church Picnics

Louis G. Miller, C.S.S.R.

*Do you think if Christ were on earth He would approve of lotto and gambling at church picnics? After all, Christ got quite angry when he found gambling going on in the yard of His Father's house.*

HERE is a loaded question if we ever saw one. The Gospels do not say anything about gambling going on in the temple courtyard. What Christ became indignant about was the buying and selling and all the attendant confusion in the temple proper, which certainly profaned the reverence due to that holy place. About gambling itself no words of Christ are recorded in the Gospels.

In the Catholic view, gambling is not wrong in itself. Insurance policies are a form of gambling; if you die sooner than expected, your family collects handsomely on your small investment. Only a warped mind, surely, would say that to play a game of penny ante, in which, after an hour, 50 cents had been won or lost, would be a sin. To gamble means to take a chance on something, and what law of God makes that universally wrong?

We are well aware that there is a type of Protestant mentality which regards all gambling as intrinsically evil, just as it regards drinking in itself sinful beyond redemption. Such an attitude is a hand-me-down from the dark and dour teachings of John Calvin, that dismal prophet of unrelieved doom. For Calvin, and for his gloomy descendants, the Puritans, practically all forms of recreation were suspect.

We do not agree with such a view; we think it unreasonable and illogical. That

gambling can be abused is obvious. It would be a sin for a man to gamble to such an extent that he neglected his duties and caused his family to suffer. But the excesses of the individual do not make gambling wrong in itself. Similarly, it is no doubt possible that even at church picnics matters can get out of hand. Professional gamblers might try to take over an innocent game of chance and use it for their own ends. If such excesses occur, they should certainly be stamped out. Because of the prevalence of abuses in certain localities, authorities, Church and civil, have imposed restraints on gambling. If so, they should be obeyed. But all this does not make gambling wrong in itself, nor does it preclude its reasonable use at church picnics.

*"I know quite a few Protestants, and they make money for their church without gambling."*

IF this is true, it is an indictment of Catholics as compared with Protestants in the matter of church support. The average Catholic pastor would be overjoyed to be able to dispense with the trouble of setting up a bazaar or a festival. If he is forced to have such affairs, it is because, as a matter of cold reality, the ordinary parish income does not take care of the ordinary and special parish expenses. If people are willing to give a couple of dollars toward those parish expenses while at the same time enjoying a game of lotto, we ask in all sincerity: Why should anyone consider that to be against the moral code?

# The Fourth Commandment for Adults

*Adapted from a Catholic Hour radio address by*

JOSEPH E. MANTON, C.S.S.R.

MODERN paganism attacks life at both ends. It is difficult to be born because of birth-control, and easier to die because of euthanasia. And when paganism thus slams the front door against the child timidly trying to enter the world, and pushes the old man, before his time, out the back door, the rooting section of paganism lifts its old cheer, "Survival of the Strong!"

On the other hand, Christianity has always quietly consecrated itself to the help and protection of the weak, whether they be in their first or second childhood. To that end it has its orphan asylums for the young and its homes for the aged — but some social workers tell us that today, when it comes to taking care of their own old father or mother, many young people, otherwise almost pious, have callouses on their hearts.

Well, it's true, we of 1957 dwell in a distant valley of time, but there

still comes rumbling down from Mount Sinai the thunder of the fourth commandment: "Honor thy father and thy mother!"

We learned about that in grade school. And even though at times we grumbled and balked, we still could see it was reasonable. To obey, well that was O.K., but when the lesson droned on that we were supposed to support our parents in their old age, to provide them with food and clothing and shelter and medicine and spiritual assistance — why that went over our heads like the air mail. We were wondering what Mom would have ready for lunch. Our busy and bustling mother didn't seem to need any help. Not then. Maybe she does need it now. And the obligation to support our parents which we took so lightly when we were nine, still binds heavily whether we are twenty-nine or thirty-nine.

After all, they provided for you for many years when you could not provide for yourself. Why shouldn't you do as much for them now? Maybe they are a care . . . and tie you down? Don't you think you were a care, and tied them down, when you were young? Perhaps they are cranky or crotchety now and then; so were you, unless as a child you were the angelic exception. Maybe they upset your routine a little; you used to upset their whole house. And, you know, their whole life faced toward you, toward welcoming you into the world and making you comfortable when you came. Don't you think you could do a little toward making their life comfortable as they get ready to leave?

I don't imagine it is easy to be old. I remember once hearing a young girl pouting and whining because she thought her home supervision was too strict. It wasn't, actually. But the girl flared up and said, "The trouble with you, Mother, is you don't *want* me to have a good time!"

"Good time!" said the mother. "Sit down, Citronella. You talk about me keeping you from good times. Did you ever think about the good times you keep me from? You know, it would be a whole lot easier to forget all about you. Some day you are going to learn that being a mother is a whole lot harder than being a daughter. It's work, and it's worry."

And sometimes I wonder if being a grandmother may not be even harder than being a mother. Oh, not from

the score of work or worry, but indifference, neglect, suffering.

After all, to be a grown woman, and an older woman, in a younger woman's house — say, your daughter-in-law, and to be definitely secondary and always in the background — don't you think that hurts? To feel as you grow older more like a boarder and less like a relative; to be a mother-in-law but not *in love*? If there is one word I would gladly rip out of the dictionary, it is that word, mother-in-law! Doesn't it seem to imply and to insinuate an unwelcome meddling stranger? Well, on second thought, maybe too many of them do meddle. Maybe at the marriage ceremony, we should have something like the solemn cutting of an apron string, to symbolize that henceforth just as man and wife are joined, mother and son must part — in the sense that henceforth the best mother in the world has to be a distinct second in the life of her married son. The girl he chose was not good enough for him, of course — what girl would be? But, once he has "thrown himself away," and has given his hand and heart to the girl of his choice, a real mother never interferes.

SOME mothers are so determined not to interfere that they deliberately live alone. Some prefer it because, though they reared a noisy brood of their own, now when they are no longer cushioned by youth, they wince at the shrill voices and stamping feet of the grandchildren.

There are many old mothers like this, living in little rooms, all alone.

Well, in this situation, do you think it is enough if a son or daughter mails them a few dollars every month? Surely they deserve more than mere support. They are not old police horses turned out to pasture. They are mothers. They are hungry for other things than food — hungry for a little affection, a little visit, a little remembrance, a little love. And mark you, all this is not sentimental charity. This is our solemn, bounden duty. It is the adult part of the fourth commandment!

I don't think I have to add that it holds for fathers too. Yet personally I have come across a case where they forced an old Dad to take his meals in the cellar. In that house they treated the dog better than the Dad. It must be the very worst feeling in the world to realize that somebody you live with thinks you are a burden, and will be relieved and happy when you do the decent thing and die.

I think that God will see to it that we are treated when we are old, pretty much as we treated others. And it's not too long away. Every old person we see is the first rough proof of our own picture a few years hence. Every baby carriage coming along the sidewalk says, "Get out of my way! Here I come!"

**D**O you remember the story of the sturdy Bavarian peasant who got disgusted with his father because the trembling old man, carrying his plate away from the table after dinner, had broken two plates in the last month? Don't ask me why he had to

carry the plate away; the farmer wanted him to carry it and not break it. So this day when the old man dropped it, the farmer swore at him, and went out into a nearby forest, and began to carve a plate out of wood. It seems his little son had tagged along after him and got interested and asked his Dad what he was making.

"I'm making a plate that that clumsy old grandfather of yours won't be able to break."

The boy watched his father whittling away, and then he said, "Daddy, be sure you make that plate good and strong, because then when you are old, I can give it to you."

Daddy almost cut his finger when he heard that. He looked at the boy, looked into space, tossed the plate back into the woods and said, "Come on, son, let's see how Grandpa's doing."

Practically the last words our Blessed Lord preached from the pulpit of the cross were the words He said when He rolled His blood-rimmed eyes toward Mary and said to St. John, "Son, behold thy Mother!" as if to say, "Be good to her, take care of her when I am gone."

The eyes of Christ still look lovingly on those who are good to their parents *before they are gone!* For example, often it is a daughter who gives up her own motherhood to take care of her mother. And in return the world is pretty cruel toward her, pinning on her the label of old maid, as though she were only a remnant left there on the bargain counter of life

after the rush was over . . . a spinster . . . an old maid. They forgot that once she was a young blooming maid with an old fading mother. They forgot that when her generation walked up the aisle to the pulsing boom of the wedding march, she wasn't left behind: she stayed behind. Yes, she is a spinster, maybe now and then she spins dreams of what might have been; but all the time she is spinning out of herself care and comfort for an old parent who needs it.

And for the young and vigorous that isn't always easy. Most people love old folks at a romantic distance. They think of the sad beauty of an old face, the gleaming silver of the hair, the gentle manners of a by-gone day. Meaning they like old age in charming little poems or in character actors in the movies. But that's like liking a snowstorm through a comfortable picture window. To live with the foibles, crotchets and the eccentricities of the old is another matter, like — well all the way from a hand cupped suspiciously to the ear, to a noisy way of taking soup as though there were an outboard motor on the spoon.

**E**SPECIALLY it isn't easy when the old person is an invalid, so confined by walls and windowpanes that she is restless; so crippled by pain she is cranky; so helpless to do anything herself that she wants everything done at once and perfectly! Show me the girl, the daughter who cares for a parent like that; a girl who spends all day patiently answering each petulant call, and who is all

honey to an invalid who is sometimes all hornet; who takes her mother's thin arm as she hobbles down toward the sunset, when she might have slipped her arm into some man's and headed toward the sunrise of a new life of her own — a girl whose brothers and sisters are married off and have their families, a girl who perhaps is pitied just as Aunt Peg or Aunt Sue — well, I don't think God pities her. I think He loves her dearly and will reward her richly. Maybe she is not a saint; maybe her picture is only on a piano instead of up in a stained-glass window; maybe her name is on a letter box instead of in a litany, but she belongs to those martyrs not of blood but of blood relationship, who do not lay down their lives but who give them up. That God who loves old people like old books, old books that were tossed around so much in their time they are battered and faded and falling to pieces, and now up on the shelf, ignored; that God who loves them, these precious first editions, and sends His angels to collect them for heaven, He will write high in His own Book of Life, the Catalogue of Heaven, those who appreciated and valued and cared for the treasure they had, their own old mother or father.

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#### SHORT SERMON DEPARTMENT

This is my text:

Don't let your fears  
About the next  
One hundred years  
Discourage you from smiling now—  
Occasionally, anyhow.

# pre-marriage clinic

## May Lovers Be Alone Together?

Donald F. Miller, C.S.S.R.

**P**ROBLEM: As a priest I have found in dealing with young people keeping company that if they do not avoid being alone together they almost invariably fall into sins of impurity, at the very least in the form of passionate kissing and embracing and love-making that constitute mortal sin. Would it not be wise for you to write and for all of us to preach that it is an unnecessary and proximate and universal occasion of sin for couples keeping company to be alone together on their dates? Would not this eliminate many of the sins that are being committed today?

**S**OLUTION: There can be no doubt that there would be no sins of impurity committed by young people on their dates if they were never permitted to be alone together. In some periods of history and in some countries of the world today, this truth has brought into being the "chaperone" system, whereby a couple preparing for marriage may never be out of sight of a mature, elderly, virtuous person who is to act as a visible reminder to them of the importance of being good. For all its great value in preventing sin, two unfavorable things may be said about the rigid chaperone system. 1) Usually it has been bound up with a denial or lessening of the freedom of individuals to choose their own partners for marriage. Parents would choose the girl for the boy or the boy for the girl, and then follow them around with chaperones before the time of the wedding. 2) Psychologically it often led to elaborate plans for clandestine meetings, and to greater temptations to sin

than would otherwise have been experienced. Young people who are never trusted with being alone together are very apt to feel that if they can manage to escape all chaperones, it is almost expected of them that they do something wrong.

Yet there is great wisdom and some force of the natural law in the principle that persons keeping company should avoid spending very much of their time on dates alone together. We would not go so far as to say that merely being alone together under any circumstances would constitute an unnecessary, universal, proximate occasion of sin, and thus be forbidden under pain of mortal sin. This would mean that a boy could not drive his girlfriend to a theatre without a chaperone; that he would be forbidden to escort her home after a party; that he would not even be allowed to propose to her without somebody looking on. Experience proves that such things can be done and are done by upright young people without their falling into sin.

**H**OWEVER, one can be quite definite in stating how and when "being alone together" may constitute an unnecessary and proximate occasion of mortal sin. Any secluded place that is sought out and/or used by a couple keeping company for the purpose of petting, passionate love-making and prolonged kissing, is an unnecessary and proximate occasion of sin and must be given up under pain of mortal sin. For a couple out riding to park their car in a dark and secluded place in which they know from experience they will probably

commit sin, makes of the parking itself a mortal sin. For a couple to hold prolonged and repeated visits in the secluded apartment of either one, or in the deserted home of either one, especially at a late hour of the night, is surely to enter an occasion of sin. Such visits are absolutely forbidden under pain of mortal sin if the couple has reason to feel that they will

not refrain from passionate love-making. It is a mortal sin just to enter an unnecessary and proximate occasion of mortal sin, even though, once in a while this might be done without consequent sin, and even though no consequent sin is intended. The actual sins of impurity committed in such occasions are additional to the one of entering the occasion.

### APOSTOLATE FOR ALL

... It seems certain to us that Christians have seldom been as eager to participate in the apostolate as they are today. There are even some, we understand, who contend that all Christians have a duty to devote themselves to apostolic work. But on this point prudence and moderation must be exercised.

The practice of the apostolate requires particular personal endowments of spirit, and even a particular status in life, which all do not enjoy. For everyone is not a good catechist, or a good spokesman and proponent of the Catholic faith. All are not adept at attracting and drawing to their cause the minds of those with whom they live. Many too are so restricted by the care of the family which it is their vocation to establish, and which ought to hold the first place, that they have neither means nor time at their disposal for the specific works of the apostolate.

But two types, two forms, of the apostolate can be practiced by all: the apostolate of good example and the apostolate of prayer. For this they need only conduct themselves as sincere Christians and live in the closest union with Christ. . . .

Pius XII quoted in *The Pope Speaks*  
Washington, D.C.



### NO PRIDE OF RACE

St. Teresa of Avila, Spanish mystic of the sixteenth century, came from a "well-bred" and noble family. At that time in Spain noble families took great pride in being able to boast that their blood was "clean" of any Moorish or Jewish taint. It was a form of racial prejudice, that ignoble human trait which appears under one form or another in every century.

But Teresa was a saint, and saints are able to penetrate and despise the sham of such prejudice. A friend, Father Gracian, once inquired into her ancestry. Teresa became quite annoyed with him.

"It is enough for me, Father," she said, "to be a daughter of the Catholic Church. It would trouble me more to have committed a venial sin than to be descended from the lowest and vilest men in the world."

- This story is true. Not even names of
- persons or places have been changed.

# THE DAY I WENT TO FOUR CORNERS

NORMAN J. MUCKERMAN, C.S.S.R.

I should never have read the note.

A tired little Brazilian handed it to me, one hot February morning, at the door of our mission house in Belem. "Senhor Padre," he said, "I travelled yesterday afternoon and all night to bring this message to you. Padre Joao said it was most important." His mission accomplished, he now waited to collect a second time for the job.

This was the note: "Normando, *por amor de Deus*, get to Quatro Pontos as soon as you can. Jose is sick, and he is scheduled to open a mission there tomorrow night. Quatro Pontos is near Braganca."

THE picture began to form. Three of our Redemptorist priests were preaching missions in the prelate of Braganca, an ecclesiastical territory in the northeastern part of Brazil's Amazon Valley. They went from town to town, village to village, under an arrangement made by the bishop of Braganca, staying about a week in each place. An intense spiritual and physical workout awaited them in each mission; the people streamed in from the jungles, attracted by the novelty. Apparently Padre Jose — a real work-horse, with the stomach of a goat — had succumbed to the strain, or the food, or both.

So, someone had to replace him for the mission at Quatro Pontos (Four Corners), as he was to give it alone. I could feel the mantle settling upon my shoulders. I really didn't mind going, because preaching missions was my favorite fruit. There were two problems, however: where in the Green Hell was Quatro Pontos, and how was I supposed to get there in one day?

Braganca, I knew, was about 160 miles from Belem. There are only

two railroad lines in the entire Amazon Valley (which is about half as large as the United States) and on one of them a 1904 Baldwin locomotive daily pulled a string of antiquated coaches from Belem to Braganca. However, the running time was anywhere between eight and eighteen hours. I realized that even if I took the train, its best efforts could get me only to Braganca by the time I was supposed to be in Four Corners! There had to be another way.

Then a brilliant idea hit me! (Now, as I write this six years later, I wonder how I could have been so stupid). Since surface transportation was out, why not go by air? I knew a few of the Brazilian Air Force officers then stationed at Belem, including even a Brigadier General. Surely under the circumstances, General Correia could order a practice flight for some young lieutenant, with myself as passenger. There was a landing strip at Braganca.

I went to the General's office and told him my problems. Could he arrange a flight for me?

"It will be a pleasure, Padre," he said. Then looking over my ample frame, he continued: "But please to remember, we have only small planes here, training planes, and you will not have much room." I told him that since I was practically answering a direct call from heaven, I was sure everything would work out all right.

If only I had known!

**A**N hour later, I was helping the pilot push the plane out of the hangar. The General was right; it certainly was small. And it looked so

fragile. I had never been up in a *single* motor plane before. Would that get me across 160 miles of jungle?

The pilot tried to bolster me up. "Come, Padre," he said, "we go now for the parachutes. Regulations, you know."

I went with him to the shed where the chutes were stored. My pilot had no difficulty finding one to fit him, as he was of standard Brazilian size, and slipped easily into the harness. I was not so fortunate, for all the harness straps had been shortened and none of them would go around me.

The staff sergeant who was in charge of the parachutes said: "Perhaps the Padre could just carry the parachute, and if anything happens he could come down safely by holding onto the straps with one arm."

Somehow I got the idea the staff sergeant didn't like priests!

"Do not worry, Padre," said the pilot reassuringly. "The only danger is that of a fire breaking out in the motor. Besides, I'll fly at a low altitude, and we will not have far to come down."

Believe me, I was not reassured.

As we taxied out on the runway, I said the first of many, many acts of contrition that day. I was in a separate cockpit, directly behind the pilot. As I did not want to think too much about my flying in this fragile crate, and without a parachute at that, I tried some more prayers. I pulled my rosary out of my pants pocket and remembering the immortal Knute Rockne of Notre Dame, wound it

around my wrist. Maybe they would tell stories about me too, my charred body found in the wreckage, with the rosary around my arm.

We were in the air now, the light craft bouncing and rocking as it faced into the wind. If it looked small on the ground, now it seemed absolutely tiny, like a toy plane in dime-stores. This one was no toy, however, it had a loud, powerful motor, which although it sputtered occasionally, and gave off a heavy odor of gasoiline, was performing beautifully. I blessed the motor, the plane and the pilot with three furtive signs of the cross. For a moment I almost relaxed.

The pilot went all the way. He dug into his shirt pocket, fished out a cigarette, and completely ignoring the gas fumes, prepared to light it. "*The only danger is that of fire!*" Well, this is it, I thought, and closed my eyes and waited for eternity.

It never came. Why, I still do not know. All I know is that after about an hour's flight we sighted Braganca, and came in for a perfect landing on the grassy strip outside of town. The first leg of my trip to Four Corners was over.

I hitched a ride into Braganca from the airport on the only vehicle available. It was a motorcycle and it had only one seat. I sat on the rear fender. The road was the washboard kind, and if you don't mind, let me skip the details and just say that I was very glad to get off in front of the bishop's house. By now it was almost eleven o'clock.

The bishop was surprised to see me and sad to hear the reason for my sudden appearance. "Poor Padre Jose," he said. "It must be the dysentery. We foreigners pick it up so easily." The bishop was an Italian, but he had been in Braganca over forty years.

**A**T this point his house-boy entered. "Excellencia," he said to the bishop, "the Padre Americano is most fortunate. There is a bus leaving in a few minutes for Pedreira, and that is only a short distance from Quatro Pontos."

The bishop turned to me. "I wish I could go with you," he said. He meant it too. He was a saintly man, who leaned heavily on suffering and hard work.

The "bus" was a one-and-a-half-ton stake truck. There were planks stretched over the body of the truck, serving as benches for the passengers. All the benches were already crowded when I arrived. I paid my fare, pulled myself up over the stakes and squeezed into a place between a young boy and an old man. In so doing, I had to step over a mangy dog, and ease a pig out of the way. This bus was a *mixta*; it carried anything: mail, animals, boxes, food, people — anything that would show a profit to the owner.

I should mention here that we were in the only part of northeastern Brazil where roads are possible. Here the jungle is not so dense, and the swamps are few. The road was only a path, full of holes and ruts, wide enough for one vehicle. But it was

the life-line from Braganca to Pedreira and the half-dozen villages which lay between.

The truck jerked and rumbled its way out of Braganca, picking up more passengers as it went. A man with a goat, a woman with a sack of oranges and a roll of dried fish, a huge turtle that was being shipped to somebody's uncle, a cage full of parakeets. This was the dry season, and the road was very dusty, so that the truck churned up a huge cloud of dust, like a vapor trail, as it sped along. When we stopped, which was often, the dust caught up and completely enveloped the passengers.

We arrived at Pedreira after an hour and a half. Actually, we did not get all the way to Pedreira, since the road stopped short at a river bank, and the village was on the other side. Pedreira had maybe a dozen houses, with a general store and a warehouse for storing rice. To cross the river, we had to get into a flat-bottom barge, on which had first been piled sacks of beans, cement and some of the livestock brought on the truck. The river was not very wide, but it had a strong current, and it took all the strength of the rowers to get us to the other side.

**N**OW I was ready for the last lap. Four Corners or bust! I walked quickly to escape the burning noon-day sun, and ducked into the general store. I asked the owner if he could help me.

"But of course, Senhor Padre," he said. "You are very fortunate. The village is only a few hours ride from

here and I myself will provide you with the very best of transportation."

"OK," I said, "I'll take a Cadillac. Air-conditioned."

He didn't catch. "Perhaps the Padre does not understand our language too well," he said seriously. "The only way to Quatro Pontos is by burro, and it is my privilege to rent you one. Come, please, the animal is in back of the store."

I followed him out into the glaring sunlight. The burro was standing quietly in the yard, tied to a lemon tree. He looked gentle enough. Also very small. I went up and measured myself next to him. His back was lower than my belt.

"Is he strong enough to carry me?" I asked.

"How much does the Senhor Padre weigh?" said the storekeeper.

"One hundred and seventeen kilos."

"Ah, that is fine," said the owner. "This is a strong burro. He can carry the top load of two sacks of rice. One hundred and twenty kilos."

He went back into the store and presently reappeared with a saddle in his arms. "I am sorry, Senhor Padre," he said, "this is the only saddle we have, and as you can see, it is not very large."

It wasn't. It might have fit Eddie Arcaro comfortably, but not me. Besides, the stirrups were missing. How was I going to keep my feet from dragging, without stirrups?

**T**HE owner must have sensed my question. "I will make a loop of strong vines for each side of the sad-

dle," he said. "This will serve as stirrups for the Senhor Padre."

Some store he had! Not a piece of rope in stock!

I swung my leg over the burro's back, and sat on him as gently as I could. I really expected the little animal to break in two. He grunted and swayed a little, but stayed with me. The owner led him out of the yard, to a path that ran alongside the warehouse.

"There is only one thing, Senhor Padre," he said. "This animal is used to travelling only with others, in a train, as it were. Perhaps he will be a bit difficult. If so, use this. He cut a switch from an orange tree and handed it to me. "Now," he said, "this path is the road to Quatro Pontos. Go with God. *Adeus!*"

He gave the burro a resounding whack on the flank, and I was off. Not for long, however. Fifty paces down the path and the little beast stopped dead in his tracks. I kicked him with my heels, hard. He moved a few more paces. I touched him with the switch. He flicked an ear.

I'll show him who's boss here, I thought. I rose high in the saddle, preparing to give him a good cut with the orange branch. As I did, the vine-loop broke, and I fell hard to the ground. The burro just stood there and brayed.

I mounted him again, this time coaxing him along with sweet talk, praise and a few soft threats. A half hour later, we were five hundred yards out of Pedreira, and at a stand-

still in a briar patch off the path. The burro evidently had had enough. So had I; but I still had to get to Four Corners.

Then from the distance came the tinkling of a bell. The burro heard it first, his ears twitching and raised high. He picked his way through the brush to the path and waited.

Presently down the path came five burros, all in line. Around the neck of the leader hung the bell we had heard a few minutes before. On the back of the last burro rode a sleepy Brazilian boy. As the animals trotted past, my burro bounded out onto the path and fell perfectly in line, travelling at a brisk trot and completely unmindful of me.

The boy turned to me and smiled. "If the Senhor Padre wishes to get to Quatro Pontos," he yelled, "follow me." If he had been going to Timbaktu I would have had to follow him. You can't argue with a burro.

We jolted along over the winding jungle path. We forded streams, climbed hills, slid down steep trails. The bell-burro kept up a terrific pace. My vine stirrups had long ago disintegrated and there were no stops for repairs. All I could do was hang on, ducking the branches that overhung the path, pulling up my legs to avoid the rocks and logs which the sure-footed animal under me so nimbly passed over.

**F**INALLY, after two hours of this torture, we sighted a village. It was just like Pedreira, except that there was a church in the middle of it.

The boy turned once more and yelled: "See, Padre, I told you to follow me. Quatro Pontos." We had arrived.

As we rode past the church, I saw a familiar figure in white standing in the doorway. Padre Jose, the man I had come to replace.

"Hey," I said, "you're supposed to be sick!"

"Oh," he said, "that was yesterday. Dysentery. But some old gal here brewed me a tea from the guarana root, and today I'm fine." He looked down into my perspiring, dust-streaked face. "Say," he said, "you sure got here in a hurry. How was the trip? Rough?"

"Not bad," I replied.

There are some things you can't tell a convalescent.

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### MASQUERADE

A Manhattan College bulletin pointed out recently how present day word-disguising tries to give a sugar coating to moral decay. Thus a filthy joke comes to be known as "sophisticated humor." Nudity is "daring dress." Adultery is "indiscretion." Perjury is "quick thinking." Cheating is "sharp business." Slander is "keyhole gossip." Drunkenness is "feeling high."

Against this tendency to sugar-coat reality, Father Keller points out in his *Christopher* notes, one should note that Christ certainly did not mince words.

"From the heart come forth evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false testimonies, blasphemies. These are the things that defile a man."

"Whoever shall look upon a woman to lust after her hath already committed adultery with her in his heart."

"He who marries a divorced woman is an adulterer."

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### BANE OF BAD SPIRITS

"From long experience I have learned that there is nothing like holy water to put the devils to flight and prevent them from coming back again. They also flee from the cross, but return; so holy water must have great virtue. For my part, whenever I take it, my soul feels a particular and most notable consolation. In fact, it is quite usual for me to be conscious of a refreshment which I cannot possibly describe, resembling an inward joy which comforts my whole soul. This is not fancy, or something which has happened to me only once: it has happened again and again, and I have observed it most attentively. It is, let us say, as if someone very hot and thirsty were to drink from a jug of cold water: he would feel the refreshment throughout his body. I often reflect on the great importance of everything ordained by the Church, and it makes me very happy to find that those words of the Church are so powerful that they impart their power to the water and make it so very different from water which has not been blessed."

St. Teresa: *Autobiography*

# *SIDEGLANCES*

By the Bystander

**A Catholic Viewpoint  
of Billy Graham**

FOR many weeks during the months of May and June, Billy Graham, the Protestant evangelist, drew daily crowds of 15 to 18 thousand people into Madison Square Garden in New York. For as many days most of the larger newspapers across the land gave some space to the crowds, and to the sermons Billy preached, and to the number of individuals whom he induced to step forth from the crowd and declare themselves for Jesus Christ. At the same time it was quite widely publicized that the Catholic Church authorities in New York City informed all Catholics that the services of Billy Graham might not in conscience be attended by them, inasmuch as they represented Protestant worship. It was also ordered by the same Catholic authorities that special sermons be preached in all the churches of the archdiocese of New York on the differences between the Catholic doctrine and that preached by Billy Graham. Thus Billy Graham has been news; he will be news for some time to come; and every Catholic should be able to speak

intelligently about the meaning of Billy Graham's crusade in respect to Catholic doctrines and beliefs.

THE first reaction of a Catholic to the news reports of Billy Graham's activities should be the recognition that something good is accomplished by his evangelistic campaigns. He focuses the attention of his hearers on two supremely important truths: 1) that they must give up sin; 2) that they must find their redemption in Jesus Christ. He is very Catholic in his approach to the topic of the evil of sin in general. He reiterates over and over again the truths that any Catholic priest might preach from his pulpit, namely, that sin is the only real evil in the world; that it is the cause of all other evils; that it brings about the eternal damnation of immortal souls; that every man will be judged at death "according to his works." These truths are so deeply rooted in reason and were so clearly pronounced by the Son of God that even people who have been acting contrary to them seem to be will-

ing and even eager to hear them hammered out over and over again.

On this point, however, a Catholic makes his first reservation concerning the value of Billy Graham's teaching. He notes, from the newspaper reports, that the young evangelist denounces sin *in general*, and, as a Catholic, he agrees wholeheartedly with such denunciation. He notices that Graham denounces in particular the spectacular or readily recognized sins, such as adultery, fornication, murder, robbery, defamation of character, etc. But he also notices that the preacher leaves many important questions about particular kinds of sin entirely unanswered; in fact, his position as a Protestant makes it impossible for him to answer these particular questions.

Is birth-prevention one of the great sins of our day? Billy Graham does not say. Is self-sterilization a great sin? Billy Graham does not say. Is so-called therapeutic abortion a great sin? Billy Graham does not say. Is attempted marriage after divorce from a valid, sacramental marriage in all cases a sin? Billy Graham does not say. Reason itself, supported in some of these matters by the direct words of Christ, in all of them by the unbroken traditions and teachings of Christianity, can easily learn that such things are violations of the eternal divine law. Billy Graham either considers them not to be sins, or, in accord

with most of the Protestant Churches, leaves it up to the individual Christian to decide whether they are sins or not. The effect of this attitude is to weaken Billy Graham's denunciation of any sins. Is Christ's authority a sure way to heaven, guiding men in all their actions, public and private, according to a divine law? Or is it only an indefinite and partial guide? Did He forbid adultery, and leave birth-prevention (which is a kind of adultery) to the choice of the individual? Did He forbid murder and self-maiming, but leave men free to maim themselves by sterilization? Did He call marriage after divorce adultery, and yet leave men free to choose this "respectable" form of adultery for themselves?

A Catholic, therefore, is deeply impressed by Billy Graham's denunciations of sin in general. He is unimpressed, and inspired to cling more loyally to his Catholic faith, by the omissions in Billy Graham's preaching on sin, and by his failure to grapple with problems of sin that Christ could never have intended to leave in the air unsolved.

THE second good thing in the preaching of Billy Graham is his insistence on the truth that Jesus Christ is the only Redeemer of mankind. His popularity is favored by the fact that there is, in a great many of his hearers, a previously established tendency to ac-

cept this eternal truth. They have had some contact with the Bible; they at one time may have attended a Christian Church of one denomination or another; they admire Christ and have the beginnings at least of faith in Him. It is all to the good that these leanings toward Christ, no matter how smothered by "the cares and riches of this world," be stirred up and activated by the vigorous preaching of a handsome young evangelist like Billy Graham. No Catholic can doubt that the beginning of any man's conversion must be the sharp realization that he needs Jesus Christ as a Saviour.

From this point on, however, the intelligent Catholic sees two things as weakening the effect of what had indeed been a good beginning. The first is Billy Graham's insistence on what can be rightly called only an *emotional* declaration of faith and conversion. Here Billy Graham is a true descendant of the famous Protestant evangelists who have gone before him, like John Wesley, Billy Sunday and all the rest, in that he places so much emphasis on "a feeling of conversion," "a sudden emotional acceptance of Christ," a sensible, even throbbing, conviction "of being saved." No Catholic will ever make light of the importance of trying to enlist his emotions in the service of his reason; to that end Catholics meditate often on the mercy of Christ, the miracles of Christ, the passion of Christ. But the wrong thing to

do is to give the emotions priority over reason and intelligence. It is intelligence, not feeling, that makes man a man; it was to the intelligence of his hearers that Christ primarily appealed, even though He did play upon their emotions as well. Christ spent almost three years in *teaching* the multitudes, that is, in making known to them what He wanted their minds to grasp or believe. He handed down many teachings by word of mouth to His apostles that are not recorded in the Bible. Thus it is difficult to see how a person, after hearing one eloquent sermon on one small feature of Christ's teaching, can intelligently step forward and effectively embrace the whole Christ, and all Christ's teaching, in one simple emotional statement. How much more reasonable and effective is the Catholic system of insisting that anyone who is either emotionally or intellectually or even miraculously attracted to Christ, take a thorough course of instruction on all the teachings of Christ before he advances to the baptismal font and declares his "acceptance" of Christ by saying: "I will to be baptized."

THE second weakness that a Catholic sees in the crusade of Billy Graham for souls is the fact that the only follow-up he can offer to those whom he inspires to declare themselves for Christ is a choice among many conflicting and contradictory organized bodies of worshippers of Christ. He

does pride himself on the fact that there is a follow-up made on his "conversions." One by one, those who publicly declare themselves for Christ, after one of Graham's sermons, are led into guidance chambers and either asked to state their preference for a Protestant church of almost any denomination in the area in which they live, or they are gently aided by suggestion and persuasion to affiliate themselves with one. Then a card is sent to the pastor of the church chosen or adopted, and the pastor in turn makes contact with the "convert" and reports to the headquarters of Billy Graham. This means that a dozen different "converts" may end up in a dozen different sects, each with its own individual form of ritual, worship, sacramental system (or lack of it) and authority (or lack of it). This is the full flowering of the doctrine of indifferentism, according to which it is maintained that all religious sects are equally good and true, provided only that they accept Christ (whether believed to be God or a great human being) as the Saviour of mankind (whether with or without acceptance of good works as necessary on the part of man). The Catholic viewpoint is that Christ is one, that His religion must be one only, that He cannot possibly be the God of truth nor the Saviour of the world if He approves contradictory and essentially different teachings and practices, even though they are all adopted "in His name."

*August, 1957*

#### SOMETIMES AN ASSET

The only son in the family had just announced his engagement.

"What? That girl? She squints!" remarked his mother.

"She has absolutely no style!" added his sister.

"Red-headed, isn't she?" queried his aunt.

"I'm afraid she's fidgety," said grandma.

"She hasn't any money," put in his uncle.

"She doesn't look strong," asserted his first cousin.

"She's stuck up!" exclaimed his second cousin.

"She's an extravagant thing!" interposed his third cousin.

"Well, she's got one redeeming feature," said the son thoughtfully.

"And what's that?" asked the family in chorus.

"She hasn't any relatives," was the quiet reply.

#### BLESSINGS IN THE CROSS

"It is a remarkable thing," says an eloquent preacher, "that every blessing of God's Church is always given with the sign of the cross. There can be no blessing without it."

No doubt this is meant to signify that as all blessings and graces come to us through the cross of Christ, so the Church invokes the virtue of the cross in every blessing she bestows.

But the cross of Christ is also the symbol of our own crosses — our daily trials and difficulties. Here, too, we must remember there can be no blessing without the cross. And every cross becomes the source of untold blessings to those who bear it patiently.

Some people can hardly wait to hear what they are going to say.

# *The Mass and the Mother of God*

JOHN A. TREINEN, C.S.S.R.

JOHN N. MCCORMICK, C.S.S.R.

The Mass is the divine fountain of Mary's power, of her position as queen of men; for through the cross and the Mass all the omnipotence of God, in a certain true sense, passed into her hands.

**M**ANY people are unhappy, not because they must make sacrifices, but because they refuse to make the sacrifices that purchase happiness. The reason they are sad is that they imagine that selfishness and self-gratification and pleasure are the stuff that joy is made of.

The opposite is true.

A sacrifice is not only a sign of joy, but the price at which joy is purchased. Gifts are made on joyous occasions and bring joy to both the giver and the receiver. Gifts are exchanged by those who love: husband and wife, man and maid, child and parent; they are made on joyous occasions: weddings, anniversaries, commencements, birthdays.

What is true of the gifts we make to men is immensely more true of the gifts we are privileged to make to God, and especially the perfect gift of the Mass, the gift of His own divine Son. The sacrifice of the Mass is a mighty and sweet fountain of joy both to God and to ourselves.

The truth of this statement is exemplified nowhere better than in the life of our Blessed Lady. She who is the cause of joy to the world must have been a cause of joy to herself as well. Can a heart be sad that is thrilling and dancing with a great and perfect love as was her heart in its love for God? Can a soul be depressed when it is bent on the accomplishment of a glorious work that cannot fail as was the soul of our Blessed Lady? And yet we know that her life was a life of sacrifice. Her love for God entailed immeasurable sacrifices. Her work in the world's redemption meant a long life of suffering, yet never for a moment was she

sad. Sorrowful, yes, at times, even unto tears, yet always deep in her heart she was joyful.

In our articles about the Mass we have been urging you to an understanding and love of the Mass that would help to make the Mass a part of your life. As in all things worthwhile Mary has gone before us in this. If we understand her life of sacrifice rightly and truly we shall see that her life was such a Mass. In fact, she was the first sharer in Christ's Mass and thus helped to redeem the world. She lived her Mass with Christ. Let us look at her life step by step.

**T**HERE was in her life the period of preparation in which her soul was disposed for the intimate offering of the Mass, even as in each Mass there is a period of preparation in which we should be disposed to enter into the spirit of the Mass. This preparation for us begins with the prayers at the foot of the altar through the Confiteor, the Kyries, the prayers, the Gloria and Credo and the Epistle and Gospel. Here we ask pardon for our sins; plead for grace; glorify the God in Whom we believe; enliven our faith in the Epistle and Gospel.

Mary's Mass began with her Immaculate Conception preserving her from every trace of original sin. That preparation continued through the prayerful years of her childhood in the company of her sainted mother, Ann; through the religious instruction and formation in the school of the temple, down to the pure hour of her virginal marriage to Joseph.

At the Annunciation in the home of Mary and at Bethlehem, when Christ was born, the offering for the sacrifice was provided. Just as you and the members of the Church provide the material bread and wine for the sacrifice of the Mass, so then she and God worked together to produce the material flesh and blood of the first Mass. That material was Christ, Her Son, first of all, whose body for the sacrifice she wove out of her own sinless flesh and blood. But that was not all. If her Son was the Redeemer, then His mother, in the designs of God, must be the co-redemptrix, and all that He does as Redeemer, she must do as co-redemptrix. Therefore did she provide also *herself* for that offering — her entire self, mind and heart, body and soul, hopes and joys, tears and sorrows — all, she made ready for that first Mass. She would not let her Christ go along that hard and sacrificial way alone.

After that preparation of the offering, the Mass of Mary hurries on to its offertory. After forty days she joined the first offertory procession, or rather led it up to the altar of the temple in Jerusalem. This first offertory we commemorate in the feast of the Presentation.

**T**HE law of the Jews commanded that the first-born of every family, excepting only the tribe of Levi, be presented and offered to God. As a symbol of the offering of her Child, Mary's poverty could offer only two turtledoves to be sacrificed in His place. Christ thus was presented, given to His Father for the work of

men's redemption. The turtledoves of that day have become the offertory donation, or the bread and wine of the Christian Church. But here, too, Mary is inseparable from her Child. Her sacrifice must be one with His. As from her heart swells a prayer of offering to her Father in heaven, of all she is and has, a strange answer is dropped from the prophetic lips of the old priest. In her heart Mary is saying: "I pray that my sacrifice and my Son's may be acceptable to Thee." And the answer breaks in upon her soul: "It is accepted — you must suffer with Him even unto death." *And thine own soul a sword shall pierce.* The sword of sacrifice must bury its hot blade to the hilt in her tender, young heart. Mary's sacrifice of the Mass has begun in dead earnest.

Her life passes into the hush and quiet of the secret, hidden years — the awed silence before the solemn mystery of the consecration. It is the period when her mind is enlightened more and her heart strengthened more for the terrible moment of complete offering and sacrifice. For her this period is the time to build up herself and her Son for that great sacrificial act. And how does she do it? By a life of close union and intimate prayer with Christ. Even she had to pour into her heart and soul the steel of strength she borrowed from God in prayer, that the consecration which was soon to come might be genuine and true, and not a mere ceremony of words and empty actions. Her life had to be transformed into Christ's, in its thoughts and desires, in its loves

and actions. That could be done only by bringing Christ into her heart, that He might work His wonder there.

Even so must our lives be led, to some extent at least, with Christ in prayer if, through the Mass, we are happily to be transformed into Him; if our thoughts and desires, loves and actions are to become like His.

WHETHER, during those blissful years, Mary was washing clothes down by the village stream with the older women, or whether she was cleaning the home, or preparing the meals, or mending the clothes, or even chatting with the neighbors, or playing with the Boy Who sported on eternal lawns with the angels for His playmates, or building houses in mud and sand with Him Who built the world with stone and fire and molten lava — no matter what or where — always her heart and her mind were moving about her Boy, Jesus.

Even so must our lives be led, to some extent at least, with Christ in prayer if, through the Mass, we are happily to be transformed into Him; if our thoughts and desires, loves and actions are to become like His.

Likewise, whether you spend your days over a washtub or typewriter, whether you are riding in Chryslers or in streetcars, whether you are dancing in the ballroom or sitting in a movie, whether you are lying down in sleep or rushing out to tennis or a ball game, you, too, can make your life one of intimate friendship and union with Christ. For as God He is as close to you as He was to her — in your heart, waiting for you to

recognize Him by faith and embrace Him by an act of love. "Be strengthened with might unto the inward man that Christ may dwell by faith in your hearts." Then our loves, too, like our Mother's, will move along surely and steadily unto a complete transformation and likeness to Christ's — an entire consecration of ourselves to Him.

Mary's transformation into Christ was completed only at the price of pain — that price of all true and enduring greatness. On Calvary with Christ, Mary went down into the depths of a horrible agony and died mystically. Mystically, with a volume of sorrow and weight of pain that would have made actual death a relief and a release. Calvary was the mighty fire that refined in Mary the gold of sanctity; grace and charity. Calvary was the consecration, the climax of Christ's and Mary's first Mass. For there were two altars on Calvary — one visible, the cross of Christ, the other invisible in the heart of Mary.

**T**HERE was but one sacrifice, for Jesus and Mary now as ever were but one. She hears the ringing of the bell in the pounding of the hammer through her Boy's hands and feet. The rushing away of His friends from the cross is so much like the flight of Catholics from the Mass, as if they almost cry out to Christ: "Hurry and die that we may get back to our fun and money-making and friends." In the dull nails and sharp spear she sees the words of consecration. In the mockery and trivial gambling she sees the irreverence and in-

attention of modern Catholics. In the elevation of the cross she envisions the elevation of the host and chalice. In the agony that breaks her heart at the moment, she foresees the life of sacrifice that we must live if we too would truly love Christ, be with Him in a union of love and finally become like unto Him.

In the cry that broke from her heart as she raised her eyes to the broken body hanging before her, she felt she was speaking with each of us, her other sons and daughters: "This is my body; this is my blood. Mine because I gave it to Him long years ago when we began this Mass together; mine, too, because He has taken me into Himself, made me one also with Him in His new body, His Mystical Body. In a double sense is this my body and my blood."

Then rang over the hill the announcement of the completion of the sacrifice: "It is finished!" The sacrifice has reached its climax, for then the body of Christ was separated from His precious blood. From Mary's heart came the same cry. She had reached the very limit of her power to suffer. She was for the moment separated from her Son. Far easier for her would it have been if her body had been cut off from her blood and her soul from her body. For Christ was the very soul and spirit of her life, even more than the soul with which she thought and loved and lived.

**W**E have said that Holy Communion is God's return to us for the honor, praise, gratitude, rep-

aration and petition we have rendered to Him. Communion is God giving us not merely a grace or some grace, but the very Author and Source of grace and divine life, Himself. It is true that we can believe that our Blessed Lady had received Communion at the last supper with the apostles, and she continued to receive daily her own Son from the hands of His best-loved apostle, St. John. But Mary's return for her part in the sacrifice of Calvary was even more wonderful than Holy Communion. Since she redeemed mankind with her Son, since every grace that Christ merited by His Passion, she also merited by her compassion; since she with Christ paid the purchase-price of grace for our salvation, not merely by giving Christ a humanity in which to suffer, but even more so by suffering with Him, she ought to have a part in the distribution of grace. Her Communion in that first Mass, her Communion in every Mass that has followed lies in this: that Christ communicated to her the disposing, as she sees fit, of all the graces which they together have merited upon Calvary. She is the invisible communicant at every altar in every Mass, receiving all from an affectionate divine Son for distribution to other poorer, weaker, helpless children — you and me.

Calvary is the reservoir of all the graces and blessings and mercies that God has destined for mankind. The Mass is a channel through which those graces flow upon this our age. The seven sacraments are seven outlets of that divine stream of mercy and bounty. But Mary is the keeper

of the reservoir; she is the co-offerer with the great High Priest, Christ, and with you and me, the lesser priests of the royal priesthood of Christ. But, more important for us, she may rightly be called God's engineer who opens and closes the valves in the channels of grace leading from the Mass into our souls.

SOME will tell us that love and devotion to Mary impede and obstruct our advance to God and to Christ. How ridiculous! Did our mothers impede and obstruct our advance into life and our progress along the way of life? Does the open door hinder our advance into a room? All who attended the first Mass on Calvary and took from it the saving grace for their souls — Magdalen and John, the good thief and the centurion, Longinus, stood at that first altar with Mary and through Mary drew from the cross the grace that saved them.

*Mary stands at every mystic Calvary since*, still the co-redemptrix, still praying, offering, sacrificing with the divine Redeemer, her Son. Here above all she fulfills the mission entrusted to her at the first Mass of mothering, protecting, loving us as her children; here a hundred thousand times a day she is reminded of her office toward us in the words echoed from every new Calvary's peak: "Woman, behold your sons and daughters. Keep them close to Me and to the source of grace in the Mass. Sons and daughters, behold your Mother and stay near to her side, for the crimson grace that flows

down my cross is hers and hers alone to enrich your souls."

Thus is the Mass the divine fountain of Mary's power, of her position of queen of men, of her office as mistress and lady of all lands, for through the cross and the Mass all the omnipotence of God, in a certain true sense, passed into her hands.

And with this power, this exaltation, this divine station of Mary among men, from the cross and the Mass comes unbounded joy to the heart and soul of our Mother. Easter joy from Good Friday's sacrifice!

**C**ALVARY was dark and terrible and painful and bloody, for that was the hour of sacrifice and toil; the Mass is joyful and beautiful and even gay. On Calvary there were no beautiful vestments, save the thorns on His head and the marks of the scourges. On Calvary no lovely flowers bloomed nor precious vessels glistened, save the red roses of his wounds and the empty vessel of His divine heart. On Calvary no lights and candles, save Him Who was the Light of the World, fast being extinguished by the hatred of men. On Calvary no joyous singing save the moaning and agony of the Son of God and Mary. But all these are in the Mass for the Mass is to us the source of all good things through Mary.

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Tact has been described as the ability to make your guests feel at home when you wish they were.

August, 1957

## TROUBLES AND BLESSINGS

Archbishop Richard J. Cushing of Boston firmly believes that if all of us lived trouble-free lives we would be bored to death. "I am a great believer," says the archbishop, "in the idea that trouble is the best thing that ever happens to us. If all the troubles in the world were eliminated, and all the problems solved, we would be more tired than work ever made us. The man who has many troubles may not think of himself as blessed, but there is a sense in which he is. God intends some of us to have a lot of trouble of our own and a gift for taking on the troubles of others. When God gives a man a gift like that, He always gives him the graces needed to make the gift a consolation and a source of satisfaction. More men have been made great by crosses than by crowns; and more men have been made soft, even ruined, by crowns than by crosses."

*Precious Blood Messenger*



## NOTHING WORSE

One day during the thirteenth century crusades, Saint Louis, King of France, noticed a poor leper sprawled in the dust of the Palestine road. Then turning to his close friend, Sire de Joinville, the king admitted that he would prefer to be a leper rather than fall into one mortal sin. But Joinville shuddered as he saw the living, corpse-like heap, and said very bluntly: "Not I, Your Majesty. I would rather have thirty mortal sins on my soul than leprosy on my body."

But King Louis replied sadly: "Joinville, you are wrong. Nothing is worse, absolutely nothing, than to lose Christ's life within you by mortal sin."

*The Grail*



# readers retort

In which readers are invited to express their minds on articles and opinions published in *The Liguorian*. Letters must be signed and full address of the writer must be given, though city and name will be withheld from publication on request.

## Egg-heads

"I believe your editors once were critical of the use of the term *egg-head*. Being priests, I believe you seldom if ever come in contact with the enemies of Christ. Most Catholics don't. The well-read Catholic, the professional Catholic layman — those that are sincere — frequently meet the enemies of Christ. And many of these enemies are egg-heads — doctors of philosophy, educators and such — diabolically opposed to Catholicism. And the priests know nothing of this. They give honorary doctorate degrees to egg-heads. I live and work with egg-heads. I know there are such things. A Catholic can only get up high in this country by following the egg-head line — which is benevolent toward Communism. But your young sheltered seminarians and priests never meet reality. I doubt if there ever was a time when the forces of evil were stronger than now.

New York

E. H."

• The word EGG-HEAD is not always used to denote an anti-Catholic, agnostic liberal. Sometimes it is used jokingly of anyone who takes an intense interest in matters intellectual. In that sense, we think the use of the term does harm. We must disagree with the statement that the editors of *THE LIGUORIAN* and priests in general do not realize how many anti-Catholic egg-heads there are around us. Also, we hesitate to go along with the statement

that all egg-heads are benevolent toward Communism. It can be proved that the agnostic egg-head promotes Communism by his dispensing with the deity (as *THE LIGUORIAN* has often demonstrated); but individually many of them have a dislike for the red flag and the red principles.

The editors

## The Back Pews in Church

"I object to your article in the May issue under the title *The Pew To Be Occupied at Mass*. I don't like to be classed among public adulterers, horse thieves, bank robbers and kidnappers of babies. If these back pews are so classed why are they put in a Catholic Church in the first place? Cancel my subscription as of now. I do not like to be pushed around.

Calif.

B. W."

• The article in question stated that one pastor announced that he was thinking seriously of putting up a sign in church that the last few pews would be reserved for the classes of persons mentioned in the above letter. We said that such FACETIOUS warnings should not be necessary. The last few pews are put in the church, of course, so that anyone who wishes may use them. But they might well be reserved for persons who cannot find a place closer to the altar when the church is crowded, or for persons whose delicate or precarious condition of health might

necessitate a sudden departure, or by those who have a genuine reason for leaving before the end of Mass, or for the ushers who are supposed to remain at the rear of the church.

The editors

"It amazes me why clergymen are constantly puzzled as to why some people prefer to stay in the back of the church. Of course, the answer lies in the Gospel of the Pharisee and the publican. The Pharisee went up to the front of the temple and the publican stayed in the rear, considering himself unworthy to approach the Lord. The people who stay in the rear may be wrong, but there is your answer. Phila, Pa. P. C."

• *We are inclined to believe that this communication represents the minority report or opinion. It is certainly opposed to the opinion in the first letter we quoted. Be that as it may, we believe that the persons who may look upon themselves as the publicans at the rear of the church have now been in that humble position for such a long time that they deserve to have addressed to them the words which the master of the feast spoke to the man who took the lowest place in the Gospel story: "Friend, go up higher."*

The editors

### Inter-racial Marriage

Editor's note: *In the May issue we published a letter from Miss S. W. of Minneapolis, Minn., in which she expressed her thoughts about the inter-racial marriage she was contemplating. We can report that we did not receive even one violent or condemnatory communication during the time that has elapsed since the publication of Miss S. W.'s letter. We did receive a good number of letters expressing varying reactions. We quote from these letters.*

"Miss S. W. who wrote a letter in the

May issue of your magazine deserves a lot of credit — not for wanting and intending to marry a Negro, but for her convictions and determination. More and more people should disregard the prejudiced or over-fearful opinions of others and act according to their conscience, formed by prayer. Even though some may dislike her for what she is doing now, later they will admit, most likely, that she was a 'valiant woman' of whom Sacred Writ says, 'Far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her. The heart of her husband trusteth in her, and he shall have no need.' You editors don't advocate inter-racial marriages, I think. Neither do I. Neither should anyone. But we should all advocate marriage between persons who are compatible and who love one another and want to make a go of it for God, their country, themselves and their children. That there may be more marriages of this kind is something worth praying for. No? New Jersey R. A. J."

"As a young (21 years old), single, white woman from the North I found Miss S. W.'s letter that appeared in the May issue most inspiring, if a trifle naive. It shows for one thing that young people left to themselves are apt to ignore racial differences and, not too infrequently, to find true friendship and love in persons whom their prejudiced parents and associates might be inclined to snub or even segregate. People have the right to associate with and to marry whomsoever they desire, just so long as justice and charity are not violated. Hence, while a few letters will doubtlessly be written either to berate the Minnesota woman or else to send 'condolences' because of her unpardonable misadventure, let me give a last hurrah for the August, 1956, article on segregation and also to give encouragement to Miss S. W. as she starts out in life. I myself know but a few colored people very well, but one of them is an exemplary

Catholic to whom I may, in the not-too-distant future, become engaged.

New Jersey

Miss N. N."

"I am not going to charge you with encouraging, promoting, advising, aiding and abetting inter-racial marriages, as you believe. Instead, I merely wish to answer a letter I read in your May issue. It is very true that 'a child that is raised correctly, with a knowledge of God and His laws is better off than many very rich people who know nothing about God.' But when the child of an inter-racial marriage grows into his teens and can claim neither race as being truly his own, I am quite sure he will not be thinking along these lines or that his parents were doing God's will. No, I do not believe that the child of an inter-racial marriage can ever be truly happy. Again, I must say this is merely my opinion.

Detroit, Mich.

Miss B. J. I."

"Dear Miss S. W.:

As far as my personal feelings are concerned, I am rather more on your side than against it, having been a rebel all my life in connection with matters of race and religion. My rebellion took a far milder form than yours; still it took courage for me to take a little stand on my convictions. So, I feel that maybe I can understand a little of what you must be going through, and how much courage it is taking from you to take such a tremendous stand. Even so, there are several things I hope you have meditated upon prayerfully and have decided in the cool light of reason, as far as a young person in love is capable of deciding anything in reason's cool light! From your letter I would judge you to be a late teen-ager, or in your early twenties, and well-educated. People of that age and with a good education are more apt than not to be filled with a desire to do something heroic; to take up the chal-

lenge that life flings at them; to give all, and not to count the cost. That is the wonderful part of youth, and unfortunately it is also true of inexperience. Although fairly restrained — indeed, remarkably so — your letter glows with this wonderful feeling. And it makes me wonder — are you truly in love with the man, or is it more than slightly love for the cause? Would you love this man just as much if he were white? Please don't underestimate the effect on your children, and on you through your children. Every problem you have right now because of your engagement will be intensified when you are married, and will not decrease with time. Until you have actually been hurt through your children, you can't realize what a terrible hurt it is; and your children will have to bear a lot on your account too. Can you make them strong enough to bear it, without giving in to the 'chip on the shoulder' attitude, but always with the charity of Christ for your tormenters? Do you realize that much of your opposition will come from Negroes too? If you have prayed humbly over these things, and still feel the same, then be sure God's blessing will be on you. And, for what they are worth, my sincere good wishes for a happy life!

N. N.

Mrs. N. N."

"Dear Miss S. W.:

I believe as you do that all human beings are of equal value in the eyes of God and that to Him we are of His likeness. When we finally go to Him it will be grand to know that He holds no malice toward us because our skin happens to be black, brown, yellow or green. While we are on earth these things do matter, and I know only too well how much, because I am a product of a marriage such as you are contemplating. My life is 'hell' because two people thought of creating a new world full of loving, kind, thoughtful, understanding people. It didn't work out the

way it should have. I have married a white man and although he knows about me he has never questioned me. He loves me and my children. Yes, I have two lovely little daughters, but my heart is always bleeding with fear that some day a little child will ask them, 'Is your mother part colored?' When they come to me, what shall I say to them? How can I tell them? When they are grown up and their friends come to call, will the look in their eyes be an answer my children will not understand? You will probably say, 'Tell them! Be truthful; if they love you, they will understand.' It is easy for you to say this now, but when you have your own it becomes another issue. Please, in God's name, think of what you are doing — not so much to yourself, but to your children. Your husband might leave you if the going gets too rough, but you — you cannot if you have children. You have a grand outlook on life now, but people will change you. I belong to no clubs, not because I don't want to belong, but because I don't *belong*! My husband's friends invite us to their home, but when I am seen, he is no longer invited. I know these people are narrow-minded, but it is their code and I must abide by it. I was raised a good Catholic; I went to a good Catholic school, and I believe in God most ardently. I know I have a purpose in life; I know that I wasn't put on this good earth to be laughed at for being the freak that I am. So I pray, 'God, please show me the way I must go.' Dear Miss S. W., I have poured out my heart to you. Think hard and pray for guidance. Above all, don't say to yourself, 'I will do this thing to prove how very wrong people are,' because after it is too late the damage will be done. Oh, God, help this child. It is too soon! People have not yet changed. Wait, wait just a little longer and things will turn out all right. God love you and keep you, Miss S. W.

N. N.

Mrs. N. N."

August, 1957

## Little Bells

"I have been watching the Catholic publications to which we subscribe, for comments on LIFE's Christmas editorial on Women, Love and God. I was as overwhelmed and pleased as was Father McWilliams, who wrote the article in THE LIGUORIAN. And his was the first comment and commendation which I had found, though we subscribe to several other Catholic journals. Truly, to read that editorial at Christmastide, and in a secular magazine, was like opening a window in a dark and fetid place. It is good, too, to know that your publication realizes that there are some real heroines. Every slick magazine that one picks up these days has an opinion, or hazards a guess, as to what ails modern American womanhood. One begins to doubt the evidence perceived by one's own senses. ALL the girls with whom I attended a Catholic women's college, and who have since married, are trying most valiantly to model their lives after that of our Blessed Mother. And they don't go around with little bells to ring every time they perform some virtuous act. Thank you, reverend Fathers, for the acute hearing that allows you to hear non-existent bells! We enjoy THE LIGUORIAN so much. It always goes straight to the crux of every question and interprets moral theology for us who must kiss away hurts and wipe away tears, to the extent that we might not know, except through persons such as yourselves, where duty and virtue lie.

Tucson, Ariz.

Mrs. M. D. O."

## One Saw Mud . . .

"Please do not send me any more copies of your magazine. I cannot go along with your staunch support of Messrs. Beck, Brewster, Bridges and other labor racketeers no matter how attractively wrapped up in pious surrounding articles.

Phoenix, Ariz.

R. K."

• The writer of this letter cancelled his

subscription after reading only one issue of *THE LIGUORIAN* — the May issue. We have scanned that issue carefully and found no mention of the gentlemen he names nor any trace of staunch support offered to them. We presume that the writer must have been reading things into the article on Right to Work Laws.

The editors

### ... and the Other Saw Stars.

"As a union member and as a citizen, I was very much impressed by your article on Right to Work Laws in the May, 1957, issue. It is the finest explanation I have run across so far. I have passed this issue around to friends and union members and they, too, admit they know a great deal more about Right to Work Laws after reading the article. We are eager to have permission to copy the article and mimeograph it for the members of our local union and friends.

Evanston, Ill.

J. F. K."

### The Worker's Obligation

"The article pertaining to Right to Work Laws proved of great interest — consequently this letter. A worker's obligation to the employer or a 'just day's work for a just day's pay' is the point in question. I trust you notice that 'work' comes before 'pay' as it should. However, some of the situations today certainly suggest the opposite. There seems to be a tendency on the part of an increasing number of employees to offer the minimum, while they have little or no personal interest in their job during a given work day. In my opinion, the unions should take partial blame for this attitude of the worker because in many cases they protect or seek the continued employment of known laggards in the midst of good workers. Another factor — a lax work schedule (far below the worker's ability) is set. As is often the case, the employee remains absolved of everything but the minimum responsibility.

There are many exceptions to the points I have mentioned, but the abuses are terrific. It is also interesting to note that I have yet to hear of labor (especially in these times) offering anything like increased responsibility, greater effort, etc., on the part of employees in return for increased pay, shorter work week, various benefits. It seems to be a one way deal. I am not absolving management from the blame of some of today's production (autos, etc.) which definitely stands for *quantity* and little *quality*. It is my concern, however, to hope and pray for a more desirable balance between employer and employee. It is my understanding (I'm an industrial salesman) that one should endeavor to earn what one receives. When and if labor through its unions accepts this fact, we should be able to look forward to labor peace for many years.

Trenton, N. J.

J. E. L."

### Bouquet and Brickbat

"What I particularly like about *THE LIGUORIAN* is its forthright, courageous and uncompromising position on the so-called difficult questions. That is why I was so disappointed in Father Louis Miller's article in the March number entitled *Sizing Up The Sermon*. Considering what could be done in an article of that type, I thought it very weak and befuddled, as well as incomplete. Too many priests, I fear, take the obligation of the Sunday sermon too lightly. As a convert, good sermons are what I miss most in the one true Church. My particular pique with Father Miller was his advocacy of babies in church. He certainly is at variance with most priests on this point. Nearly everyone in my circle considers it a manifest breach of courtesy to Christ and a selfish lack of consideration for others. Christ said: 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me,' but He didn't add 'in the temple,' where they can create only the bedlam and confusion of a nursery.

officials. The clergy wore the long tunic — the basis for the Roman alb and Byzantine sticharion. Over this was worn an outer cloak, which in its fullest winter form, descended to the ankles on all sides and was gathered up about the arms either in front or at the sides when some action demanded the free use of the hands.

As time went by, the secular dress was abbreviated and brought more into line with body contours. But the Church conservatively held on to the older fuller styles which by then had become traditional. That they were now quite different from secular dress and presupposed being put on over the daily dress is clear from the Synod of Narbonne's decree (589) that the deacons and acolytes were not to remove their albs before the end of the services.

Basically, the vestments of the Roman and of the Byzantine Rite had the same origins: the tunic and the toga. In the West the outer vestment was gradually shortened and cut off at the sides to allow the celebrant greater freedom of manual action; in the East the same garment was shortened and cut out in the front to achieve the same purpose.

The chasuble of a Byzantine bishop, the sakkos, differs from the priest's in being gathered together at the sides, under the arm, thus giving the impression of wide sleeves. The same process of development gave rise likewise to the Roman Rite's dalmatics. This manner of wearing the outer toga came from Dalmatia, hence the name.

#### USE OF COLORS

THE use of various colors is of medieval origin. For hundreds of years the Church regulations repeatedly prescribed white, clean, bright, precious garments for the clergy at services. This predilection for white has remained in East and West right up to the present time. In the West the alb must always be white — as its name indicates; moreover white is the prescribed color for the liturgy of the day on over half the days of the year. In the East the sticharion may also be of colored material; but for centuries it was only white, and today still is usually of white or a light color. Moreover on all Sundays of the year vestments of white or light color are used, and white is the most usual color worn for Mass unless it is celebrated for the dead.

During the Middle Ages various colors were used as possessing a strong symbolism or creating a definite psychological effect, but the present norms and rules in the Roman Rite became obligatory only at the end of the sixteenth century in the great liturgical reform of Pope St. Pius V. These colors are: white for the feasts of our Lord, our Lady and the saints who were not martyrs; red for the Holy Ghost, the Precious Blood, the martyrs; purple for seasons of penance; green for the post-Epiphany and post-Pentecost seasons; black at Masses for the dead.

White is considered indicative of light, joy, happiness, festivity, purity. Red is the color of fire (hence on Pentecost for the tongues of fire) and

blood (hence for martyrs and the Precious Blood). Purple made from combining red and blue, is representative of penance since the red of the metaphorical martyrdom of penance is subdued in its brightness by the addition of blue, the color of heaven toward which our penance must lead us. Green is the color of growth in nature, and so shows forth the simple vitality of the Church in the ordinary portions of the year. Black is the color of deep mourning and so is worn for funerals and offices for the dead.

At the middle of Lent and of Advent, rose is allowed as a cheerful mitigation of penitential purple to encourage the faithful to persevere until the feast. Silver is allowed in place of white; gold is permitted as a substitute for white, red or green. But the silver and gold presupposed here are not a mere grayish or yellowish color, but cloth made with metallic threads of silver or gold.

The oldest Byzantine tradition of a diversity of colors makes mention simply of white and red or of bright and dark, and that is basically their rule today. Thus in place of white, any bright color is substituted such as gold, silver, yellow, light blue, pink, etc. In place of red, any dark color may be used, such as the deep shades of purple, green, red or blue. The Easter season, however, calls for white or gold; for funerals, black is usually worn. The rule is simply: bright for feasts and ordinary days, and dark for penance or mourning.

Among the Ruthenians and Ukrainians, however, some definite customs

have developed regarding the liturgical colors, such as wearing red for martyrs' feasts, blue for Masses of our Lady, green for Pentecost and its octave, purple for seasons of fast. However, as in the Roman rite, white remains by far the most used color.

#### THE STOLE

THE origin of the stole is very obscure. Various theories are put forward, but none of them possess conclusive arguments. It would seem that it early designated the powers of holy orders and so was worn as a distinguishing vestment. The Council of Laodicea, in the middle of the fourth century, forbids subdeacons ever to don the deacon's stole. Very ancient pictures show bishops wearing an external stole giving rise to today's archiepiscopal pallium in the West, and the episcopal omophorion in the East.

Since deacons, priests and bishops exercise holy orders in different grades, the manner of wearing their stoles also differs. In the West the deacon wears the stole on the left shoulder and joins the ends under his right arm; the priest wears the stole around his neck with the ends crossed on his breast at Mass to show his limited priestly jurisdiction; the bishop wears the stole around the neck with the ends hanging freely to show his unlimited possession of the fullness of the priesthood. In the East the deacon wears a very long stole which is draped around his shoulders and has the ends pendent to the ground in front and back; the priest wears the stole around the neck with

the ends hanging down in front and joined at several places; the bishop wears the priest's stole under his chasuble and then puts over the chasuble a stole draped about the shoulders like a deacon's, only the bishop's (omophorion) is wider and somewhat shorter as well as more ornate. He thus shows that he has the powers of the other two orders, and in a greater measure: the fullness of the priesthood.

The stole is worn in the administration of all the sacraments. In the Roman rite the priest wears it only if he is performing a sacred function. Only the pope wears a stole (red) as a sign of his office apart from a liturgical function. In the Byzantine rite the priest wears a stole not only when he is performing a liturgical function, but also if he is present as a priest at any function. It is the badge of his office and he does not use a surplice. For greater solemnity he may wear a chasuble too.

#### THE SURPLICE

THE Roman surplice is an abbreviation of the alb, and only in the late Middle Ages it began to replace the alb on clerics present at a service, but not performing any major function. In the older orders the acolytes and other lesser servers still wear the alb and cincture instead of a surplice.

#### THE MANIPLE

THE Roman maniple probably came from a folded towel carried on the arm by clerics during services and used to wipe the face in warm weather. Eventually it became

a stylized badge of assisting — in a major capacity — at solemn Mass. The Byzantine epimanikia (ornamented cloth worn at the wrists) serve to gather together the ends of the sleeves of the sticharion. All the Eastern rites use them, reserving them to the bishop and priest. But the Byzantine rite allows them also for deacons.

#### THE COPE

THE Roman cope had the same origin as the chasuble. The ancient chasuble was made more practical by putting a slit down the front. It was worn at processions and was given a hood for protection against the weather: hence its Latin name *pluviale* and its possession of an unused ornamental hood on the back today. The cope, without a hood, is the shape of the chasuble among the Armenians, Copts, Chaldeans, Syrians, Malankarese and Ethiopians. The Byzantine rite, by preserving a very ample chasuble, felt no need of developing the use of a cope for the priest. The bishop, however, wears an ample cope, called *mandyas* over his cassock when in church and not officiating.

The Roman cope is called by the liturgists the "vestment of solemnity." It may be worn, in addition to surplice and stole, on occasions of extraordinary splendor, for example, for weddings, for baptisms, for blessings. It is worn by the celebrant at processions, at vespers, at lauds, and at benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. It is, moreover, the distinguishing liturgical vestment of the six cardinal bishops when they assist at papal ceremonies.

### THE MITRE

THE use of a mitre by the bishops goes back to the Middle Ages which loved symbolism of all kinds. Hence the Roman form of mitre imitated that of the Jewish high priest, for the bishop is the high priest of the New Law. Its first form was rather low, the peaks being about six inches high, but amid the exuberances of the rococo period it was made very high (sometimes almost two feet). The most artistic and now most usual mitres are about fourteen inches high. The Byzantine mitre probably derived from the imperial crown after the emperor no longer existed (after 1453). In the East a bishop represented spiritual autocracy as absolute as the emperor's temporal power before. Moreover, he often exercised civic judicial power over his subjects under the Turkish rule.

### THE BIRETTA

THE biretta, or head-covering for priests in the Roman rite, derived its origin from the capuce or head-covering of the monks. Clerics who were not monks also needed warmth in the great stone churches of Europe. Thus various forms of simple caps with ear laps were worn in the early Middle Ages. In the 15th and 16th centuries these simple skull caps were raised to a rounded hat shape. By the 17th century the modern form with peaks evolved, the peaks making the hat easier to doff and don. The number of peaks is three; "doctors" may wear four. A cardinal's biretta is never decorated with a pom-pon on the theory that no honor in the Church is higher than the cardinalate,

and therefore the red biretta itself indicates sufficient eminence; no decoration could add to it!

In the Byzantine rite usage varies. The Greeks and Russians wear a biretta that is shaped like a cylinder, or like our top hat without the bottom rim. Monks wear a black veil over this which falls upon the shoulders. Bishops wear the monastic head-dress when not officiating in vestments. Some metropolitan bishops among the Slavs wear veils and birettas of white instead of black. The Ukrainians and Ruthenians have developed a biretta that resembles a crown in shape. It is black; that of monsignors is purple. The bishop's biretta is of the same shape, of purple color, and surmounted by a small gold cross.

### THE CASSOCK OR HABIT

THE ordinary dress of the clergy today consists of a black gown. The religious orders have their own accessory parts (like the cincture, the scapular, the rosary, the capuce) as well as variant colors (usually white, brown or black). Many Eastern rite priests add to the regular cassock a loose black garment with wide sleeves, called a *riasa*, when they appear in public or in church. Among the Ukrainians, the Basilian monks wear a stylized form of *riasa*, and some older orders of the Western Church, like the Dominicans and Carmelites, still wear a special choir-cloak on formal occasions.

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Money talks; but dime for dime,  
Its voice gets weaker all the time.

Quote

# POINTED PARAGRAPHS

## Love Affairs in Grade School

What parents are up against in the matter of protecting their grade school children from the hazards of "cradle courtships" is evident from a recent spread of pictures in *Look* magazine.

The spread presents various views of a certain grade school in California. One panel shows a sixth grade boy and girl looking soulfully at each other. Under the picture *Look* prints this legend:

"Judy and Henry are going steady. She wears his ring on her necklace so everyone will know they are paired off. A good number of (the school's) fifth and sixth graders indulge in this sort of monogamy in miniature. 'We've never found it other than harmless,' (says the principal of the school). 'Today's children are looking for stability in life more than anything else.'"

Nothing could be more naive than the comment of this school principal, and *Look's* acceptance of it as worthy of print. A grade school principal does not hear the confessions of children (as a priest does), and so has no way of knowing whether grade

school love affairs are harmless or harmful. He doesn't have to worry about what will happen to his graduates in early high school, if they have been benignly smiled upon as they carried on their love affairs in grade school. And if it is his idea that the stability of a child of ten has to be shored up "monogamy in miniature," his concept of what education means contains a horrible misrepresentation of the nature of a child.

Many parents have no doubt read the article in *Look* and accepted this one part of it as naively as it was presented. The moral law of God and the facts of life should make every sensible parent aware that it is absolute folly. The moral law dictates that company-keeping, going steady, pairing off, or whatever you want to call it, is permissible only to two people who are able to think of marriage within a reasonable time.

The facts of life reveal that the earlier unmarriageable kids are allowed to "go steady" and "pair off," the earlier they will fall into the quicksands of lust.

Any parents who think it "cute" or "harmless" or undeserving of disapproval for their grade-school children to have "steadies" are sowing the wind and will reap the tornado.

It is high time that parents and realistic teachers and principals of schools take a stand against these things. That goes not only for the forbidden company-keeping itself, but for the things that inevitably lead to it, such as mixed grade school dances, parties, proms and the like. The world represented by *Look* and other publications may be against them; but such parents will be the only ones whose children will not be morally stunted and spiritually tarnished before they have a chance to know what life is all about.

### Can Suicide Be Noble?

A recent book appearing on the newsstands and in the bookstores sets out to make a hero out of a man who deliberately cut his wrists and drained off his life blood. The book is written by the man's widow, who calmly confesses to having aided and abetted her husband in his act of self-destruction.

Coldbloodedly the author, Lael Wertenbaker, describes the suicide of her spouse. It was all carefully planned ahead of time. Mr. Wertenbaker was the victim of an incurable cancer, and the disease brought progressively more frequent and more severe bouts with pain. Husband and wife talked things over quite candidly, and agreed that the only sensible thing to do was for Mr. Wertenbaker to ease himself as gently as possible out of this life.

The time and circumstances were set. The scene that follows is described so realistically as to curdle the blood. Mrs. Wertenbaker stood by (as it were, rendering moral support) while

her husband gashed his wrists with a sharp razor. She provided basins to catch the blood so that the bedclothing would not be stained. When the end finally came, she arranged the lifeless body in bed with the reflection: "Tomorrow will be soon enough to tell the children."

What is a Christian to make of all this?

First of all, it should be pointed out that only God can judge and only God can condemn. Only God knows the strains and tensions under which people may act, and which may at times, unbalance their minds. But, secondly, such a happening must bring forcibly to the mind of a Christian the fact that suicide is one of the greatest crimes a man can commit against his Creator, Who is the Lord of life and death. That is why the Catholic Church refuses to give Christian burial to the deliberate suicide, even though she is ready to make allowances where there is indication of mental unbalance.

Certainly an event of this kind dramatically points up the two contrary attitudes toward life. Suicide is the answer of the pagan to suffering. If there is no God then suicide is logical. But if there is a God, then man must trust Him even in suffering and trial. There is no other choice and there is no compromise possible between these two attitudes. The Christian must pity the pagan, but if he is a true Christian, he must regard the pagan as blindly, terrifyingly in the wrong.

## Boy Scouts and the Y.M.C.A.

This year the Boy Scouts of America celebrate the golden anniversary of their founding by Robert Baden-Powell. The London Catholic *Tablet*, commenting on the event, refers to an interesting speech by the late Cardinal Bourne. The occasion was the World Jamboree of the Scouts in 1929, at which the Cardinal was present.

Cardinal Bourne said: "Almost at the outset I was honoured by being consulted by its founder . . . I discussed the whole matter at considerable length with him, and I was assured that Scouts would always be taught to follow the voice of conscience and to worship God as best they knew how; that those who had well-defined religious convictions would be helped and encouraged to worship God in accordance with those convictions; that there would be no attempt to gather all Scouts together in some newly conceived form of worship; above all that Catholics would have full freedom for that worship of God which is set before them as a duty of conscience by the Catholic Church; that neither directly nor indirectly would any attempt be made to hinder or impede their complete religious freedom. . . . After twenty-one years I am glad to bear testimony . . . that these very definite observances have been loyally observed."

A significant comparison can be made in this connection between the Church's attitude toward the Boy

Scouts, and toward the Y.M.C.A. There are some who pretend that the Church manifests opposition toward any organization, however worthy, which does not come under her direct control. That this is untrue in regard to the Boy Scouts is sufficiently proved by the above quotation. And there are many other benevolent and social organizations which can be put in the same category.

The Y.M.C.A., however, presents a special problem for the Church. Without denying that it has done and is doing much to provide recreational facilities for youth, we cannot very well overlook the fact that the Y.M.C.A. (unlike the Boy Scouts) regards itself as *essentially a religious organization*. The nature of this religion and the reason why the Church must in conscience oppose it for her members are well summed up in the following quotation from the 1920 decree of the Holy Office, directed against the Y.M.C.A.

"Their real nature (organizations like the Y.M.C.A.) is no longer doubtful, as it has been openly declared in the magazines which are their organs. Their aim is, they say, to cultivate the characters and improve the morals of youth. This culture, which is their religion, they define as 'perfect freedom of thought, dissociated from the control of any religious creed.'

"Among these associations it will suffice to name one which is, as it were, the parent of many others . . . namely, the Y.M.C.A, an association which on the one hand enjoys the support of many non-Catholics in

good faith, who believe that it is helpful to all and certainly harmful to none, and on the other hand is favored by certain easy-going Catholics who are ignorant of its true nature. It boasts indeed a sincere love of youth, as though it had nothing more at heart than their bodily and mental welfare; but at the same time it attacks their faith under the pretense of purifying it, and giving them a better knowledge of the true way of life 'above all churches and apart from every religious creed.'"

### **Test Yourself for Concentration**

Weak characters have great difficulty in concentrating on a job to be done or a problem to be solved. Their will is not capable of directing all other powers of mind and body to the steady pursuit of a goal that requires hard work. The strong character, on the other hand, is one in which the will has control of the imagination, memory, external senses, etc., so that when it determines on an end to be achieved, it can direct and hold all other faculties to the task.

On this basis we present the following list of questions as a test of your powers of concentration. If a good number of the questions must be answered in the affirmative, then it seems that your will needs strengthening.

1. Do I waste considerable time, after deciding that a certain task must be done now, before actually getting down to work on it?

2. Am I quick to put off necessary and difficult work until a later time, if I happen to think of an easier and less necessary job that I can do now?

3. After starting to study or work on something, do I find myself frequently sitting back and indulging in day-dreaming?

4. If I run into special difficulties in pursuing a certain task, do I stop working and pick up a picture magazine or piece of cheap fiction and escape the difficulty for the time being?

5. Am I easily distracted from study or work by extraneous happenings; some pleasant — like the sound of distant music, some unpleasant — like the shrill voices of children or the street noises of a large city?

6. Do I catch myself scheming as to how I can "get by" without studying up on a certain matter, or performing some specially arduous task that is part of my job?

7. Do I become so restless after an hour or two of concentration that I feel I have to find some means of diversion or relaxation?

If you must give yourself a low grade for this test on concentration, we suggest a training course in daily voluntary self-denial in little things; for the proper kind of concentration depends, to a great extent, on the application of the basic principles of self-denial.

# LIGUORIANA

## Our Lady's Death

By St. Alphonsus  
Selected and Edited by  
John P. Schaefer, C.SS.R.

**A**FTER the ascension of Jesus Christ into heaven, Mary remained on earth to attend to the propagation of the faith. The disciples of our Lord constantly had recourse to her. She solved their doubts, comforted them in their persecutions and encouraged them to labor for the divine glory and the salvation of souls. For the good of the Church she willingly remained on earth, knowing this to be the will of God.

She could not but feel the pain of being far from the presence and sight of her beloved Son, Who had ascended into heaven. Jesus had once said: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Since Mary loved no other good than Jesus, and since He was in heaven, all her desires were in heaven.

It is related that Mary consoled her loving heart during her painful separation by visiting the holy places of Palestine, where her Son had been during His life. She frequently visited the stable at Bethlehem, where she had given birth to Him; the workshop of Nazareth, where her Son had lived for so many years, poor and

despised; and the garden of Gethsemani where He had begun His passion; the place where He was scourged, and the spot on which He was crowned with thorns. But most frequently did she visit the Mount of Calvary, where her Son had expired; and the holy Sepulchre in which she had finally laid Him. In this manner did the most loving mother soothe the pains of her cruel exile.

But this was hardly enough to satisfy her heart. For she was unable to find perfect repose in this world. Continually she sent up sighs to be with her Lord. Finally, unwilling to defer any longer the so-much desired consolation of His beloved, God graciously hears her desire and calls her to His kingdom.

**S**OME writers relate that, some days before her death, Our Lord sent the archangel Gabriel to Mary. Just as he had announced that she was that blessed woman who had been chosen to be the Mother of God, so now he brings to her the news that her desires to leave the earth were heard. Nor is it difficult to imagine that Mary's reply was the same as her first one: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord."

After receiving this welcome news, she imparted it to St. John. We can well imagine with what grief and

tender feelings he heard it. For so many years he had attended her as a son and had enjoyed the heavenly conversation of this most holy mother. For a last time she then visited the holy places at Jerusalem, tenderly taking leave of them, and especially of Mount Calvary, where her beloved Son had died. She then returned to her poor cottage, there to prepare for death.

During this time the angels did not cease their visits to their beloved queen, consoling themselves with the thought that they would soon see her crowned in heaven. Many authors, among them Andrew of Crete and St. John Damascene, assert that, before her death, the apostles and many disciples, who had been scattered throughout many parts of the world, were miraculously assembled in Mary's room. When she saw all these her dear children in her presence, she addressed them: "My beloved children, through love for you and to help you, my Son left me on this earth. I go now to paradise to pray for you."

**N**O ONE can form an adequate idea of the tears and lamentations of the holy disciples at this sad announcement, and at the thought that soon they were to be separated from their mother. Bitter tears they all must have shed. But Mary begged them to cease their weeping, and asked them to give burial to her body after death. She blessed them, and desired St. John to give, after her death, two of her gowns to two virgins who had served her for some

time. She then composed herself decently upon her poor little bed to await her meeting with her divine Spouse, Who was shortly to come and take her with Him to the kingdom of the blessed.

Already she feels in her heart a great joy, the forerunner of the coming of the Bridegroom. Realizing that Mary was at the point of leaving this world, the apostles renewed their tears. All threw themselves on their knees about her bed. Some kissed her feet, others sought a special blessing from her, and recommended to her a particular want. All wept bitterly. For their hearts were pierced with grief at being obliged to separate themselves for the rest of their lives from their beloved Lady.

Like a loving mother, she compassionated all of them, and consoled each one. To some she promised her protection; she blessed others with particular affection; and encouraged others to the work of the conversion of the world. Especially did she recommend to St. Peter the propagation of the faith, promising him her special protection in heaven.

But more particularly did she call St. John to herself. For more than any other he was grieved at this moment, when he had to part with his holy mother. The most gracious Lady, remembering the affection and attention with which this holy disciple had served her in all these years during which she had remained on earth since the death of her Son,

said: "My own John, I thank you for all the assistance that you have afforded me. I give you my blessing. Remain in peace."

**B**UT now the death of Mary is at hand. Divine love, with its burning and blessed flames, has now entirely consumed her spirit. A host of angels comes in a choir to meet her. Mary was indeed consoled at the sight of these holy spirits — but not entirely. For she had not yet seen her beloved Jesus, Who was the whole love of her heart.

Now Jesus comes to take His mother to the kingdom of the blessed. It was revealed to St. Elizabeth that our Lord appeared to Mary before she expired, with His cross in His hands, to signify the special glory He had obtained by the redemption. St. John Damascene relates that our Lord Himself gave Mary the Viaticum, saying with tender love: "Receive, O mother, from My hand that same body which you gave to Me."

After receiving this last Communion, with her last breath Mary said: "My Son, into Your hands I commend my spirit. I commend to You this soul, which from the beginning You created rich in so many graces, and by a singular privilege preserved from the stain of original sin. I commend to You my body, from which You deigned to take Your flesh and blood. I also commend to You these, my beloved children. They are grieved at my departure. Do You, Who love them more than do I, console them, bless them and give them strength to do great things for Your glory."

**T**HE life of Mary is now at its close. St. Jerome relates that the most delightful music was heard in the apartment where she lay. According to a revelation granted to St. Bridget, the room was filled with a brilliant light. The sweet music and the unaccustomed splendor warned the holy apostles that Mary was departing. This caused them again to burst forth into tears and prayers.

Mary turned her eyes upon them, as if to bid them a last farewell. And now death comes. Not indeed clothed in mourning and grief as it does to others, but adorned with light and gladness. But why speak of death? Let us rather say that divine love came and cut the thread of this noble life. And as a light, before going out, gives a last and brighter flash than ever, so did this beautiful creature, on hearing her Son's invitation, follow Him, giving a last sigh of still more ardent love. Wrapped in the flames of love she breathed forth her soul and expired.

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#### AIM TO PLEASE

Great solicitude is shown by the shipping companies for their passengers, according to the *Tablet*. When the Mother General of the Passionist nuns was arranging for a group of Sisters to go to America and asked whether there would be a chaplain on board so that Mass could be celebrated, the clerk explained to her that there were usually several priests traveling. But he continued:

"You just leave everything to us; whether there is a priest on board or not, we will see that you have your Mass."



# BOOK REVIEWS

Thomas Tobin, C.S.S.R.

We recommend that books listed or reviewed in **THE LIGUORIAN** be purchased at your local bookstore. If you cannot obtain the book in that way, you may write to **THE LIGUORIAN** for further information.

## **The Reluctant Abbess**

Margaret Trouncer

Margaret Trouncer, the author of the popular fictionalized biography of St. Margaret Mary, **The Nun**, continues to write about the France that she knows so well. Incidentally, in several places in the book she mentions people and movements who would deserve a special book. This reviewer hopes that she does write these stories.

**The Reluctant Abbess** is Mere Angelique, the famous abbess of Port Royal, the ill-fated convent of nuns who embraced the Jansenist heresy. Made abbess against her will at the age of ten, Angelique with her natural sternness finally decided to reform herself and her nuns. To attain this goal she denied the legitimate rights of human nature as created and redeemed by Christ. Her constant battle cry was not to give in to the demands of human nature, not even in the matter of personal cleanliness which she considered as a snare of the devil. It was only to be expected that Mere Angelique would be very susceptible to the inhuman strictness of the Jansenists, who lead souls to despair. Unwilling to obey the ecclesiastical authority which condemned the heresy, she died in rebellion against legitimate authority.

Miss Trouncer, in general, produces a sympathetic portrait of this remarkable woman, but she does point out her weak points and her errors. The author does not succumb to the temptation to be inhumanly severe in her treatment of a stern and strict woman who forgot her own humanity. The fictionalized dialogue, in general, runs true to the nature of the characters. The Jesuits do not seem to receive fair treatment in their laudable battle against the evils of Jansenism. This book with its detailed descriptions of the abuses prevalent in some monasteries and convents in seventeenth-century France and its portrayal of the too austere and inhuman life at Port Royal will not exactly serve as a direct source of vocations. But **The Reluctant Abbess** is a well-written biography that will fascinate the reader.

(Sheed and Ward, \$3.75)

**The Word of Salvation, Vol. I**

Alfred Durand, S.J.

Joseph Huby, S.J.

Translated by John J. Heenan, S.J.

This 937-page volume is really two books in one, commentaries on the Gospel of St. Matthew and St. Mark written by two French Jesuit scholars. The method is to present a section of the Gospel and then to follow it with a detailed commentary that explains both text and content in a manner that will appeal to the average reader. The text of the Scriptures is a translation of the French text and the explanations, while scholarly, are not technical nor controversial. An excellent book for the Catholic who desires to read and understand the official life of Christ.

(Bruce, \$12.50)

**The Case of Cornelia Connelly**

Juliana Wadham

One of the extraordinary women in the history of the Catholic Church in America was Cornelia Connelly who was wife, mother and nun. Born in 1809 to a wealthy Philadelphia couple, Cornelia married a young Episcopalian minister. Through his influence she became a convert to the faith and swayed by his great desire to become a priest she became a religious, with papal permission, after overcoming her reluctance. After Pierce Connelly's ordination and her choice of a religious vocation their roles were strangely reversed. Where he had pushed the idea of the higher life for both, a few years in the new life made him very dissatisfied and anxious to return to his wife: she found her real vocation as a religious and founder of the Society of the Holy Child of Jesus community of nuns. Their case became well known when he filed suit in the English courts to force her back as his wife.

Juliana Wadham, a former pupil of the Holy Child nuns, has written an objective biography of Mother Connelly. Although her sympathies are with her she holds off judgment about the meaning of her life and the sanctity of this remarkable woman.

(Pantheon, \$3.75)

**The Dead Sea Scrolls**

Roland E. Murphy, O. Carm.

Father Roland E. Murphy, head of the department of Semitic and Egyptian languages at the Catholic University explains the light shed by the newly discovered Dead Sea Scrolls on the Old and New Testaments.

(Newman, \$1.50) Paper Cover

August, 1957

**The Head on London Bridge**

Helene Magaret

Biography of St. Thomas More for the young as narrated by the experienced author, Helene Magaret. A Catholic Treasury Book.

(Bruce, \$2.95)

**Crown of Glory**

Alden Hatch, Seamus Walshe

Alden Hatch, an American Protestant historian, and Seamus Walshe, an Irish Catholic scholar, have collaborated in this latest life of Pope Pius XII. This biography begins with the birth and youth of the Pope, follows him through his school days and early years in the papal diplomatic corps, and ends with the triumphs of his years in the papal see. An interesting book written in a popular journalistic style, backed by the researches of Professor Walshe, that presents a pleasing portrait of a great pope. There are many black and white photographs that enhance the value of the book.

(Hawthorn Books, \$4.95)

**The Power of Little Children**

Fanchon Royer

A book for adults about the founder of the Association of the Holy Childhood.

(Academy Library Guild, \$1.75)

**Sound of a Distant Horn**

Sven Stolpe

Translated by George Lamb

Sven Stolpe, a Swedish historian and novelist, is literary editor of the leading Stockholm newspaper and editor of a Catholic review. As a convert his newly found faith has found expression in his work. **Sound of a Distant Horn**, the first novel translated into English, deals with the age-old conflict between good and evil, a theme so familiar to Graham Greene and Francois Mauriac. The soul in whom the conflict is centered is a Swedish intellectual who knows that he is dying of cancer. In the background and yet entwined in the life of the central character are a fashionable society preacher and an atheistic surgeon.

This is a real psychological novel that probes deeply into human consciousness; it possesses some of the morbid introspection that is characteristic of Mauriac. Several passages, while not too detailed, do limit its readers to the mature adult. **Sound of a Distant Horn** is a fine psychological novel in which the souls and bodies of real persons are engaged in battle with themselves and with God. This first novel to appear in our language encourages us to wait for other books by the same author.

(Sheed and Ward, \$3.95)

**Bright Banners**

Regina Victoria Hunt

Novel for the young about the stirring times of King Charles II, Titus Oates plot, Blessed-Claude de la Colombiere and the young hero. A Catholic Treasury Book.

(Bruce, \$2.00)

**All or Nothing**

Murray Ballantyne

Twenty-three years after Murray Ballantyne, a Canadian historian, entered the Church he explains why he entered and why he remains there in his book, **All or Nothing**. Written to help his nephew at his moment of decision this book highlights the point that there is no middle ground of indecision between such fundamental questions as theism and atheism, Catholicism or irreligion. In a familiar style Mr. Ballantyne explains the evolution of his thinking and living that brought him, with God's grace, into the Catholic Church. This convert story will appeal to the inquiring searcher as well as the probing believer.

(Sheed and Ward, \$3.50)

## NEW IMAGE BOOKS

**Existence and Existent**

Jacques Maritain

Profound presentation of existentialism by the great Catholic philosopher.

(\$.75)

**On the Truth of the Catholic Faith**

St. Thomas

Translation of Book Four of the Summa Contra Gentiles.

(\$.95)

**St. Francis of Assisi**

G. K. Chesterton

Reprint of the excellent study of life and influence of the poor man of Assisi.

(\$.65)

**The World, The Flesh and Father Smith**

Bruce Marshall

The popular novel by the Scotch novelist.

(\$.65)

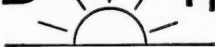
**The Christ of Catholicism**

Dom Aelred Graham, O.S.B.

Reprint of the meditative study of the life and personality of Christ.

(\$.95)

# LUCID \ / INTERVALS



Officer: "How do you get along without a speedometer?"

Motorist: "Well, when I get to driving fifteen miles an hour my fenders start to rattle; at twenty-five the windows rattle; at thirty the motor starts knocking—and that's as fast as she'll go!"

Everything was set for the wedding ceremony, but the groom looked confused.

"What's the matter?" whispered the best man. "Don't tell me you lost the ring."

"No," the groom answered feebly, "but I seem to have lost my wild enthusiasm."

A woman was filling out an accident report. She had dented the fender of a parked car while trying to park her own. One question on the report read, "What could the operator of the other vehicle have done to avoid the accident?"

She wrote: "He could have parked somewhere else."

"When I was your age," the visitor said to the little boy who was sticking out his tongue derisively, "my mother told me that if I made an ugly face it might stay that way."

The little torpedo studied the visitor intently. "Well," he said at last, "you can't say you weren't warned."

A farmer hired a modern-music fan and was showing him around the farm.

The music fan was saying: "Man, dig that crazy barn; dig that crazy tractor; dig that crazy cow."

After the tour, the farmer handed the new man a shovel, pointed to a potato patch and said: "Man, dig those crazy potatoes."

The judge glared down from his bench at the prospective juror. "And just why is it," he asked, "that you don't want to serve on this jury?"

"Well, judge," the man replied, "one look at that man convinces me that he's guilty."

"Quiet," the judge ordered. "That's not the defendant. That's the district attorney."

While riding on a small branch railroad in a remote corner of the West, an eastern cattle buyer took the conductor to task.

"Look here," said the easterner, "don't you think ten cents a mile on this doodlebug is pretty expensive?"

"Well," drawled the conductor, "it all depends on how you look at it. I'll agree that ten cents a mile is pretty high; but on the other hand, where else can you get transportation for thirty-five cents an hour?"

Jane returned from her first day at school and remarked casually to her mother:

"I told the teacher that you threw a plate at daddy this morning."

"Why in the world did you tell her that?" demanded the mother.

"Well," replied Jane, "she didn't know it."

Then there's the one about the horse that walked up to the betting window at the track and said: "I want a two-dollar ticket on myself."

"What?" screamed the man behind the window.

"Surprised I can talk?" asked the horse.

"No!" said the man. "I just don't think you can win."

## BEST SELLERS

A Moral Evaluation of Current Books, Published at the University of Scranton, Pa.

### HEADLINERS

(Number in parenthesis refers to classification according to rating used in general list.)

The Scapegoat (IIa)—*du Maurier*  
 The Blue Camellia (IIa)—*Keyes*  
 The Philadelphian (IIb)—*Powell*  
 Peyton Place (IV)—*Metalious*  
 Compulsion (III)—*Levin*  
 The Last Angry Man (III)—*Green*  
 Say, Darling (IIa)—*Bissell*  
 The Wapshot Chronicle (III)—*Cheever*  
 Stopover: Tokyo (I)—*Marquand*  
 The Fountain Overflows (I)—*West*

### I. Suitable for general reading:

A Citizen Looks at Congress—*Acheson*  
 The Coast of Fear—*Ballard*  
 John Foster Dulles: A Biography—*Beal*  
 Early Stories of Willa Cather—*Bennett (ed.)*  
 Professional Amateur—*Boyd*  
 Days of the Phoenix—*Brooks*  
 The Small Woman—*Burgess*  
 City in the Sand—*Chubb*  
 There is a Season—*Colver*  
 A Watcher on the Rhine—*Connell*  
 The Great Plantation—*Dowdy*  
 Panorama of American Popular Music—*Ewen*  
 Fair With Rain—*Head*  
 A Lucky Number—*Henry*  
 Alexander Hamilton: Youth to Maturity—*Mitchell*  
 See Rome and Die—*Revell*  
 Lincoln's Commando—*Roske & Van Doren*  
 Citadel—*White*  
 Contemporary Theatre: 1953-1956—*Williamson*  
 The Braintree Mission—*Wyckoff*

### II. Suitable only for adults:

A. Because of advanced style and contents:  
 Anne Boleyn—*Anthony*  
 The Living and the Dead—*Boileau & Marcejac*  
 The Lion and the Throne—*Bowen*  
 The Dark Stranger—*Charques*  
 The Little Valley of God—*Coccioli*  
 The Strange Enchantment—*Cotterell*  
 A Growing Wonder—*Dolson*  
 Tito, Moscow's Trojan Horse—*Draskovich, S.M.*  
 The Gilded Torch—*Fuller*  
 Belloc the Man—*Jebb, E. & R.*  
 The Life of Hilaire Belloc—*Speaight*  
 The Short Reign of Pippin IV—

B. Because of immoral incidents which do not, however, invalidate the book as a whole:  
 The Late Liz—*Burns*  
 Never So Few—*Chamales*  
 No Blade of Grass—*Christopher*  
 Sushila—*McInnes*  
 Viva Madison Avenue!—*Panetta*  
 Berlin—*Plievier*  
 The Unforgotten—*Stanley*

### III. Permissible for the discriminating adult:

The Pride of Innocence—*Buckley*  
 The Wapshot Chronicle—*Cheever*  
 The Angel in the Corner—*Dickens*  
 The Town—*Faulkner*  
 Alabama Empire—*Kelley*  
 No Ruined Castles—*McGovern*  
 Small Wonder—*Porter*

### IV. Not recommended to any reader:

Night of Fire and Snow—*Coppel*  
 Silver Spoon—*Gilbert*  
 The Promoters—*Longstreet*

## *A Teen-Ager Writes:*

"It may interest you to know that I am seventeen years old and a convert of less than four weeks. I received the February, 1957, issue of THE LIGUORIAN through a religion correspondence course I am taking to increase and enrich my knowledge of our faith. Your magazine is not only highly interesting but informative (very much so) as well."

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